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# Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

*February, 1925*

PERRITON MAXWELL
*Editor-Publisher*

WALTER G. SPRINGER
*Business Manager*

VOL. II

No. 4

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY POLICE PUBLISHING CO., INC., AT 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, *President;* BARRON COLLIER, *Vice-President;* GEORGE MACDONALD, *Treasurer;* R. WALDO, *Secretary.* DIRECTORS: RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, BARRON G. COLLIER, GEORGE MACDONALD, R. WALDO, MATTHEW C. BRUSH, HENRY FRUHAUF, FRANK W. HARWOOD, WILLIAM H. RANKIN, HERMAN A. METZ.

*25 Cents a Copy, $3.00 per Year, in the United States and Canada. Foreign subscriptions, $4.00 per Year.*

*Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, April 22, 1924, under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

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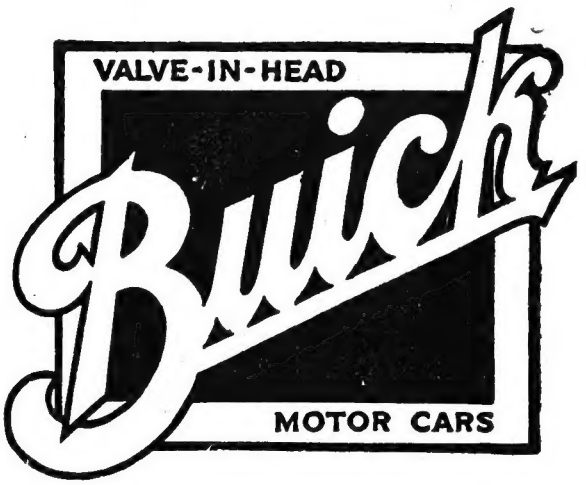
New 

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*"Please be serious, Uncle Jim," said Rita. "Don't spoil my illusions. I am looking forward to our trip to give me a real thrill."*

*("The Millionth Chance", Arthur Guy Empey's great story on opposite page.)*



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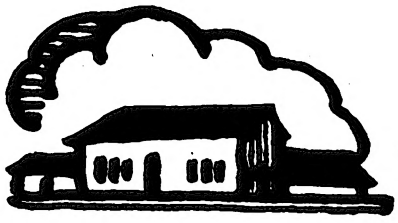
# POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER FOUR

NEW YORK, *February*, 1925

$3.00 FOR THE YEAR
25 CENTS A COPY

# The Millionth Chance

## *A Thrilling Story of Crime, Adventure, Love, Money and the Methods of a Highly Polished Scoundrel Known to the Police as "The Killer"*

## *By* Arthur Guy Empey

*Author of "Over the Top," "Tales From a Dugout," "The Madonna of the Hills," "Liquid Gold," "The Phantom Shot," Etc.*

*Illustrated by* JOSEPH ST. AMAND

THE Overland Limited, far behind schedule, pulled into Chicago and stopped. A man dropped lightly to the platform and lost himself in the crowd pouring from the vestibules. He carried no baggage. Threading his way through the lines of train-weary people he covertly scanned each face as he passed along.

Farther down the platform, screened by a mail truck, two men, heavy-jawed and flatfooted, glanced keenly at the hurrying man, then trailed after him.

"You're right, it's 'The Killer'!" whispered one to his partner. "He sure dresses nifty. Wonder what he's doing back in Chicago? Nervy of him at that! His brother gets burned in the chair at Joliet to-night, for murder. He's got something up his sleeve, I'll bet. I'll shadow him alone. You call headquarters and wise them up that he's in town. At the first chance, I'll give them a ring."

The other nodded and slackened his pace until he had been left behind. The shadowed man stopped at the Western Union office and was handed a telegram. Once on the street he hailed a taxi, spoke a few words to the driver and got in. The plainclothes man waited a short interval then hopped into another taxi and continued with the chase.

Down Michigan Axenue the two cars sped. The city with its countless electric signs soon fell far to the rear, then through Jackson Park, and finally the leading taxi drew in to the curb and halted. The plainclothes man got out and hugging close to protecting shadows trailed "The Killer" on foot. Not once did the criminal look behind. That in itself should have put the headquarters man on his guard, but seemingly it had no effect on him for he pushed on.

Before a pretentious stone residence set far back from the street on an expansive lawn, "The Killer" hesitated as if uncertain of his next move. Suddenly he darted up the walk leading to the front door of the mansion. Halfway to the house he stepped quickly behind a tree and waited.

Arriving at the spot where his quarry had paused, the plainclothes man drew his automatic, and crouching low, cautiously followed. He arrived abreast of the hiding place of the other. A streak of blue fire flashed in the darkness accompanied by a noise not much louder than the popping of champagne cork. The detective pitched face forward on the grass. The assassin sprang from his ambush and stooped over his victim. A hand moved spasmodically. Deliberately the automatic, equipped with a Maxim silencer, raised and pumped a finishing shot

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into the dying detective. The form lay huddled, inert.

Prodding the dead man contemptuously with his foot, "The Killer" calmly pocketed his pistol and listened intently. Assured that the muffled shots had gone unheard, he caught the body by the heels and dragged it behind a tree.

Noiselessly he approached the house and crouched under an open window through which light streamed, where he adjusted a black mask to his eyes. By standing on his toes his fingers could barely grip the edge of the sill. With an exhibition of strength which would have caused envy in the heart of a professional gymnast, he drew himself up until his eyes were on a level with his straining fingers. A satisfied smile played about his mouth at what he saw. He lowered himself to the ground and circled the house until he had reached the opposite side. Through a window in black shadow he made his entrance.

Inside, he tiptoed through a room into a wide hall. Without hesitation, as if he were familiar with the layout of the house, he made his way like a cat to the arched doorway of the lighted library in front of him. Availing himself of the refuge offered by a pair of heavy portieres, he examined his automatic and peered in slyly.

Judge Benjamin Thurston, stern-faced, gray-haired and sixty, sat before a heavy mahogany table puffing savagely on a cigar as he regarded the flushed countenance of Robert Fleming, a clean-cut young man sitting opposite him.

"You marry my daughter?" he exploded at length. "Preposterous! Support Rita on the salary of a bank clerk? You would both starve to death!"

"But Judge Thurston," protested Fleming. "I won't be a clerk all my life. My record is good and I have been promised advancement on the first of the year."

"That's enough!" snapped the Judge. "It's out of the question, I won't listen further."

"But I love Rita and she loves me."

"Puppies! Puppies!" thundered the irate father. "You two don't know what love is. Wait until you grow up."

"Nevertheless we are going to marry."

"You are, are you!" Judge Thurston leaned aggressively across the table. "That's why I sent Rita to visit her uncle, Jim Williams, in Wyoming, because I expected some such foolish thing. Just you two try it and see what happens."

"I received a letter from Rita this morning," replied Fleming quietly. "She says that after a trip with her uncle across the mountains to the Double X Ranch, she intends returning to Chicago to marry me. I am telling you this because I wish to be fair with you."

Judge Thurston reddened with anger.

"If Rita takes such a step without my consent," he roared, "I shall disinherit her. Now look here, young man, the subject is closed as far as I am concerned. You shall not marry my daughter until I——"

"Which behooves me to take a part in the drama, gentlemen."

The voice issued from behind the portieres. "The Killer" stepped into view, automatic levelled.

"Don't move or cry out," he warned. "If you do, I'll be obliged to fire. I never miss. A slight tribute to my marksmanship lies under a tree outside on the lawn—a headquarters man who was foolish enough to attempt following me."

The intruder crossed the room and sat down in front of the startled men, his pistol covering them.

"I demand an explanation of this unwonted intrusion!" burst out the Judge wrathfully.

"Now, don't become disturbed," replied he of the pistol. "You'll get all the explanation you desire before I am through. Don't lose a word of what I am going to say. I am sure it will interest you, Judge Thurston. And you, too," he added, nodding to Fleming.

"Whatever you have to say, say it," Judge Thurston commanded. "And get it over with."

Hard lines shaped at the corners of "The Killer's" mouth.

"I am here for two purposes," he said, lowering his voice. "I will enlighten you in order of their importance. Seven months ago, Judge Thurston, you pronounced death sentence on a man for murder. That man is to be executed tonight at Joliet. He is my brother. Whether he is guilty or innocent, is not the question now. There *was* a chance of him receiving life imprisonment. In your charge to the jury, but a word, a hint of clemency from you, and my brother would not be dying tonight. But no! Your charge would have brought a verdict of guilty against an innocent man. Who are you, Judge Thurston, elected by partisan votes, to stand there in court and declare to twelve men that nothing less than the chair would meet the requirements of justice? What was it to you, if my brother escaped death?"

"The Killer" stopped. The Judge could see his black eyes burning fiercely through the holes in his silk mask. His trigger-finger twitched nervously.

"I am here, Judge Thurston," he continued, "to ask you for mercy. To ask you to save my brother's life. You can do it, even now. There is a telephone." He pointed to a small table across the room. "A call by you will stop the execution. A word from you will secure a respite for him. We have secured additional witnesses. The worst he could get at a new trial would be life. If your daughter were about to die, would you perjure yourself in her behalf?"

Judge Thurston brought his closed fist down upon the table.

"Are you referring to John Hennessy, who murdered the watchman?" he demanded, angrily.

"Yes. John Hennessy is my brother, and I am asking you to save him."

"I shall do nothing for him, regardless of consequences to myself," returned the Judge. "Nor can you intimidate me with that pistol. John Hennessy committed one of the most dastardly deeds in the annals of crime. The man is guilty beyond all doubt. He was convicted by eyewitnesses. He received a just trial and is deserving of his fate. I shall in no way interfere with his execution."

"The Killer" glanced over at an old-fashioned clock on the mantle.

"I'll give you just two minutes to change your mind. If at the end of that time you refuse to telephone in his behalf, I will kill you here, in cold blood."

He brought the pistol so close to the mouth of the white-faced man that it nearly touched the determined, compressed lips.

"I have given you my answer."

The Judge gazed into the black muzzle unflinchingly.

"Judge!" remonstrated Robert Fleming in horror.

"Do not interrupt, or there'll be a double killing." The

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voice of "The Killer" was low and ominous. He glanced at the clock. "One minute left. Will you telephone?"

"No."

The air grew tense in the resulting silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock.

"One half minute left."

The pistol arm straightened.

"No."

"Your time is up. Will you telephone?"

"No."

The pistol lowered.

"I felt sure that would be your answer," replied "The Killer" quietly. "You have sent my brother to his death, therefore, according to my code, your life is forfeit to him. But taking your life this way would be too easy a punishment. So rest assured, I do not intend to shoot you. I have a greater punishment in mind. I shall strike through your heart—through your love. Your punishment will last for years."

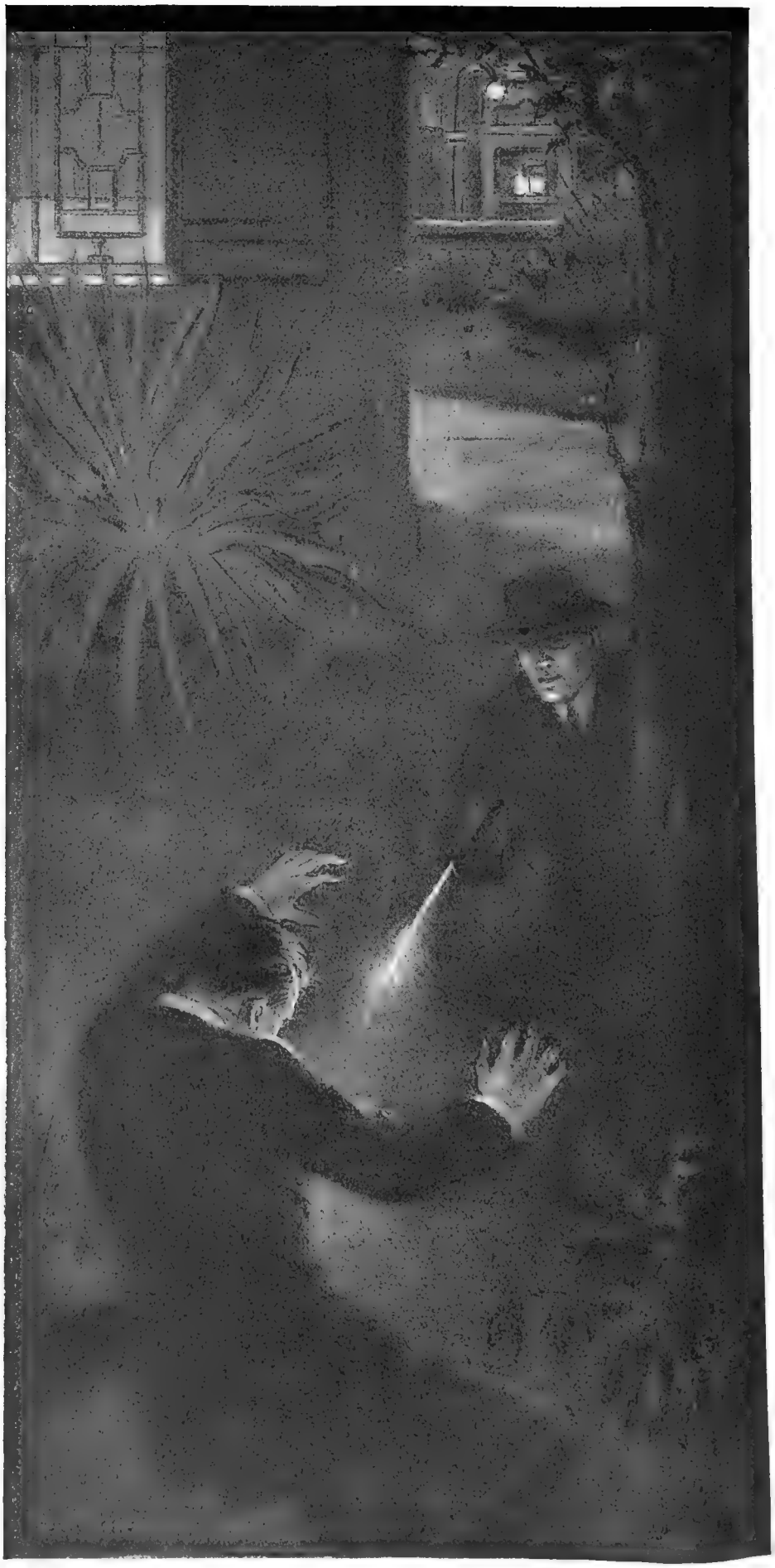
The brother of the condemned man paused to lend greater effect to that which was to follow. All vestige of color had left the judge's face. His hands clenched tight.

"I came here to inform you," emanated from behind the black mask, "that when my brother goes to his death tonight—I have figured it carefully—your daughter, Rita Thurston, way out in Wyoming, will be dashed to pieces on the rocks of Death Gorge."

"My God! ——man! What do you mean?" cried Judge Thurston.

Robert Fleming froze into a statue.

"Death takes on a new significance *now*, doesn't it, Judge Thurston?" taunted "The Killer." "At the trial of my brother, though, death was but a mere routine of justice to you—part of your day's work. When you sent my brother to the chair, I swore I would get even with you. Not so long ago my chance came to strike at you through your daughter. I read in the society news where she had left for Chiquita, Wyoming. I have planned your daughter's death carefully. This morning she left Chiquita in company with her uncle, Jim Williams, to go to the 'Double X' ranch. Williams carries the monthly payroll. To reach the ranch from Chiquita takes several hours. The road to the ranch crosses Death Gorge." He paused to leer at the suffering father. "Death Gorge is a narrow chasm in the mountains over three hundred feet deep. A small



*A streak of blue fire flashed in the darkness accompanied by a noise not much louder than the popping of a champagne cork. The detective pitched face forward on the grass. The assassin sprang from his ambush and stooped over his victim. A hand moved spasmodically. Deliberately the automatic, equipped with a Maxium silencer, pumped a finishing shot.*

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wooden bridge spans it. My men have sawed the timber of that bridge. When the car containing your daughter reaches the center of the span, it will dash to the rocks three hundred feet below."

Judge Thurston groaned in mental agony.

"There is not a chance of my plan failing. One of my men, known as 'Nifty Ned,' is a slick guy, very smooth of tongue, slightly fresh, but a genius in crime. He is from New York. He is now in Chiquita, Wyoming, posing as a salesman, or *was* there, before he left in the car with Williams and your daughter. 'Nifty Ned' rides with them but for one purpose; to see that the car does not turn off the road before crossing the bridge. At the point of his gun, if necessary, he will compel Williams to drive over the bridge. Not suspecting that the bridge had been tampered with, Jim Williams will obey, no doubt regarding the matter simply as a holdup for the payroll. Of course, my man will not go down with the car; he will jump out at the proper time."

"Save her! Oh, Bob, we must save her!" choked the broken father.

"Save her?" sneered "The Killer." "Yes, try to save her! There is nothing that can save her." He looked over at the clock on the mantle. "I have figured the time to the minute. Barring accidents, in about five minutes from now, the car will reach Death Gorge. Save her?" He laughed jarringly. "You are more than a thousand miles from her. The road she travels is miles and miles from a town. The car does not even pass a house, a ranch, before it crosses the mountains. There is no way to warn her, because there remain but five minutes." He again glanced at the clock. "Pardon me," he said, "there remain but *four* minutes. Perhaps you wonder how I know all this, and why I am so sure of success? It is simple. Only an hour ago, I arrived in Chicago from Wyoming. I planned everything before I left. In a cabin, at the bottom of Death Gorge, very close to the point where the bridge spans the chasm, my men are waiting. It's their intention to secure the payroll when the car is dashed to pieces. They were to saw the timbers this afternoon. Perhaps this telegram will convince you that everything is as I have stated."

The masked man fumbled in his pocket with his left hand and brought out a telegram. Slowly he read to the suffering father and lover:

"Shipment left Chiquita on time today. Everything O. K. Should reach D. G. as scheduled. Will wire result."

He threw the telegram in front of Robert Fleming.

"You will notice by the date and hour," he said, "that the telegram was recently received by me from one of my men in Chiquita. 'D. G.' means Death Gorge." "The Killer" rose to his feet. "Judge Thurston," he said, "in about three minutes my brother dies, and so does your daughter. I will stay here until that time."

The Judge's head sank to the table, his body heaving.

"Two minutes more, Judge Thurston!"

"The Killer" backed to the open window, his gun still levelled at the two men.

"One minute more!" he announced, dramatically.

The clock on the mantle struck the hour.

"Judge Thurston," came the voice from behind the mask, "justice has been served—'a life for a life'."

"The Killer" lifted a leg over the window-sill and paused. "I bid you good night, gentlemen." A quick spring into the darkness outside and he was gone.

"My God, oh, my God!" cried the anguished father. "My little girl—my child! Rita! Rita! Rita!!"

He buried his head in his arms on the table. Robert Fleming, white and speechless, sat staring with set eyes at the clock on the mantel.

. . . . . .

Jim Williams, president of the bank in Chiquita, Wyoming, a leather satchel on the desk at his elbow, leaned back in his swivel chair and regarded admiringly the slender form of Rita Thurston as she stood before him.

"So you have come into the great open spaces looking for romance and adventure, have you?" he bantered, smilingly. "I don't know about the adventure part of it, but romance should be easy to a pretty girl like you."

"Please be serious, Uncle Jim," replied Rita. "Don't spoil my illusions. I am looking forward to our trip to give me a real thrill—crossing your wonderful mountains at night in an open car. It isn't every Chicago girl who gets the chance."

"All right, Rita, listen and I will describe our trip. If you get what you want out of it, I'll doff my hat to your vivid imagination, because it will surely have to be vivid. We make the trip once a month—in a big car—nothing romantic about a leaky carburetor, is there? In that satchel on the table are seven thousand dollars to pay off the boys out at the 'Double X.' My two sons, Henry and Jack, go with us. They are far from being what you would call romantic—they both chew tobacco." Jim Williams lighted a cigar. "It's a long and dusty ride to the 'Double X.' The only point of real interest is where we cross Death Gorge in the mountains, over a highup wooden bridge, but it will be dark when we reach there."

"Let's not waste time, Uncle Jim!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm dying to get started."

Jim Williams smiled, rose, opened a drawer of his desk, took out a pistol and examined it carefully. The girl eyed his action hopefully. There was romance, adventure, in a pistol to her—action! It savored of brave deeds, foul deeds, courage, and fear.

"Only a precaution, Rita," Jim Williams remarked, noting the expectant light in her eyes. "We carry guns on the trip as a matter of custom. Now, back to earth—there's the car outside. Oh! by the way, I forgot to tell you, a couple of days ago, one of those fresh salesmen from New York blew into town. I promised to take him out to the ranch with us. He wants to sell his wares to the boys—they get paid tonight. There he is now, standing by the car."

Rita Thurston looked out the window to the sidewalk where a sportily attired young man stood, a large leather sample case at his feet. New York was written all over him, that section of Broadway bounded by the "Forties." A felt hat, encircled by a gaudy band, was pushed back on his head, jauntily. He wore patent leather, cloth-topped shoes."

"Why, I met him yesterday, Uncle Jim." Rita followed the bank president outside. "You are quite right—he *is* fresh. He said my home town, Chicago, was only a suburb of the 'big city,' as he termed New York."

At the car, the New Yorker doffed his hat in gallant Sir Walter Raleigh style.

"Glad you are going along with me, Miss Thurston," he said with unblushing impudence. "I've got the greatest line in the country, threshing machines, plows—typewriters, just hit the keys and lo! a best seller. I handle everything from a pin-cushion to an elephant's

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*"I ain't a'goin' to get me neck stretched without company", suddenly growled "Railroad Hank". "I knows where 'The Killer' is hidin' in Chi, an' I'm goin' to squeal on th' dirty double-crosser."*

manicure set. Wrist watches! Locomotives! Of course, I don't carry them *all* with me. Just take orders for them. On the way, I'll demonstrate a darby to you—a lullabaloozer. It will weld the world together in a brotherhood of man. Educate the children, make housework easier and keep the old man at home. It will put Reno out of business—and starve chorus girls. Made to order for wives! No trouble to demonstrate it, either. I'm always willing to oblige. Always ready to sacrifice myself to my customers. A pleased customer means another sale. Now, on Broadway, for instance, the thoroughfare of——"

"If you're going with us, you'd better hop in," interrupted Jim Williams curtly.

"Right you are, Mr. Williams. Time awaits for no man! All aboard the swift steed of progress." The New Yorker struggled in to the back seat with his heavy sample case.

The car, with its load of five passengers, soon disappeared in a cloud of dust out of the town of Chiquita, headed across the prairie to a dimly discernible range of mountains in the distance. The hours slipped by as the speedometer ate up the miles.

The Wyoming sun began setting fast. The red ball of fire sank lower and lower behind the far distant range, casting lengthening, grotesque shadows over the wide expanse of sagebrush, fingers of a gigantic, clawing hand clutching for the towering mountains peaks to the east. Inch by inch, stealthily, an incoming tide, the Stygian shades engulfed the reflected hues, red, purple, coloring the ground-hugging sage. Here, there, squatting on haunches, sentinel-like, gophers scrutinized the surrounding terrain in one last searching look, then disappeared into their holes for the night. Snow-white patches topping a roll of undulating prairie, struck the eye as antelope turned tail suddenly and sped to the hills in a race with the dying sun.

At the bottom of Death Gorge in the restful quiet of dark shadows, snuggled a small cabin built of logs. From its open windows shone yellow rays of light. High above, three hundred feet in the air, supported by a criss-crossing network of age-eaten, rotting timbers, a narrow wooden bridge spanned the chasm.

Inside the cabin, gathered about a table, three rough characters were engaged in earnest conversation, the hard lines of their faces accentuated in the glow of a lantern in their midst. Outside, waited four saddled horses, heads drooping, sides streaked with dried sweat. They had travelled hard and far.

Ed Rawlins pushed back the lantern for more elbow room on the table and spoke.

(*Continued on page* 49)

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*Dr. House, the discoverer of the "Truth Serum", experimenting with a subject in the hospital ward of the County Jail at Ferris, Texas. The witnesses are (from left to right) Shelby Cox, Prosecuting Attorney of Dallas County, Texas, State Senator R. S. Bowers of Caldwell and Sheriff Dan Harston of Dallas. An individual anesthetized with scopolamin for criminal analysis is too deeply asleep to talk at random. He replies to the questions and stops.*

# The Humane Third Degree

## *Some Startling Facts About Scopolamin Which Compels the Guilty to State Only What Is True*

### *By* Paul W. Kearney

On the 24th of October, 1922, a slightly soiled envelope was left at the mail desk at Leavenworth Prison. On the outside envelope there was scrawled in a shaggy hand the address: Mr. E. R. House, M. D., Ferris, Texas.

There was nothing about it to distinguish this letter from the hundreds of thousands of other pieces of mail matter collected by Uncle Sam's nephews on that particular October day. A simple two-cent stamp carried it, the regular machinery of the system routed it through, and from one mail pouch to another it made its way southward to its destination. All very simple.

Yet that humble letter was, to a half-dozen people, the most important message ever written during the span of their careers. This is what it said, literally transcribed:

Mr. E. R. House, M. D., Ferris, Tex.

Dear sir, saw an Item in Paper as to Twilight Sleep as Truth serum. My Brother & I are doing 25 years here for train robery at Edmund Okla sep 28th 1921 a crime we are not guilty of & never knew anything of. We are both ready & willing to Take the serum

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and have the warden here question us in regard to this crime, for we fear not as we are not guilty. If you know of anyway where by you could get permission to put your medicine to a Test we will surely submit gladly. If the Govt officials will permit. We are both family men. I was in Grocery buis. 1 man here on the same charge I never saw in my life until we were arrested for the crime. May God forget me if I tell not the truth. Now Dr if you know of any way we can be given this chance to prove our Innoscence We will verry much appreciate it

yours Truly
Dan O. Duree. No. 17340

Brief enough, surely, to go for the two-cent postage rate. But heavy enough with Hope to tip the scales at more than a ton!

For down there in Dallas a modest Texan was stirring up considerable excitement by getting men out of prison. Men who, according to the stories in the newspapers, had been convicted of crimes they had never committed and who, after all the odds had gone against them, had established their innocence by taking a mysterious drug.

So Dan Duree wrote. And others, suffering in Dan's unfortunate circumstances, wrote, too—not for pardons or for clemency or parole, but for a simple chance to tell the truth to somebody who would give a dispassionate ear to their tales.

*Says Dr. House: "Under the influence of scopolamin a suspected criminal is rendered oblivious to existence, the will power is non-existent. He is too helpless to invent replies to questions propounded."*

Since then much has been written and much said about Scopolamin, the so-called "Truth Serum." Some of it has been in a serious, scientific vein; most of it has been sarcastic, humorous or irrelevant. The humorous writers and cartoonists saw great possibilities in the wayward husband who was subjected to Scopolamin, so they treated it in that light. The yellow journals saw greater sensational value in the thing, and they added their substantial mite. Finally, influenced by these things, the medical men, God's most conservative creatures, jumped on the very mention of the drug with both feet.

I spoke to several medical men about it, but their ideas and opinions seemed to be rather undernourished, so I decided to find out just what all the fuss was about. Accordingly I wrote to my friend August Vollmer, Chief of Police of Berkeley, Cal., who had seen some of the tests made at San Quentin prison, and asked for his opinion. Chief Vollmer's reply was prompt and interesting. It said, in part:

".....From the several experiments that were conducted in Berkeley and in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California, I am forced to the conclusion that the Doctor can do everything that he claims he can do with the use of Scopolamin. Do not hesitate to recommend to any organization the value of contributing toward further research in this field."

With that encouraging start, I delved deeper into the mysteries of Scopolamin. And for the benefit of those at all interested in progress, criminology, justice or innovation, here they are:

About eight years ago, in the little town of Ferris, Ellis County, Texas, one Dr. R. E. House was attending a woman in childbirth. (Dr. House years ago developed the Florence-Rosser Method of obstetrical technique and has a lengthy list of achievements in the field of painless and safe child-birth.) Scopolamin is one of the drugs used in this method, and the woman in question was peacefully unconscious after the satisfactory delivery of her child. Dr. House, desiring to weigh the infant, asked the patient's husband where the scales were. The husband did not know and had barely replied to that effect when, to the astonishment of both, the unconscious mother out of her profound sleep directed them to the exact spot in the kitchen where the scale was found.

Recovering from his surprise, the doctor proceeded to ask the sleeping patient other questions, the answers to which were given correctly and promptly. From that point on Dr. House devoted some six years of study and experiment seeking to prove or disprove this extraordinary property of Scopolamin. His work gradually revealed the fact that, when properly administered, the drug produces a heretofore ignored state of unconsciousness in which the subject can talk under the sole jurisdiction of his memory.

In a paper read before the American Research Anesthetist Association in San Francisco, June 25, 1923, Dr. House described this phenomenon in these words:

"The principle involved in the use of Scopolamin in this direction is based upon recognized functions of the brain and these clinical observations: the brain's most powerful center is hearing; it is the last center to succumb to an anesthetic and the first center to function after an anesthetic. I have observed that the center of hearing *can and does* make the other four centers function before those centers are influenced by their own special nerve. The only function the auditory nerve possesses, when stimulated by a question, is to carry sound waves to the auditory center, and the only function the auditory center has is to evoke Memory.

"Under the influence of Scopolamin a suspected crimi-

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nal is rendered oblivious to existence, appreciation of environment is eliminated, the will power is non-existent . . . He is too helpless to invent replies to questions propounded."

Consequently, when the subject has been brought to this new or third stage of unconsciousness (called the "House Receptive Stage," which is not the obstetrical stage by any means), he replies to questions with only such information as his memory retains. In other words, he tells the truth out of his own mental record. He cannot invent fictitious answers, frame an alibi or evade the question; nor can the examiner suggest a reply either by telepathy or by direct advice. Some futile attempts to do these things will be recited later.

*Euless ("Ace") Gibson arrested for hi-jacking and felonious assault after his partner had been shot by a policeman dressed as a woman. His story under the drug was that he never saw the man who was with him prior to that evening. The District Attorney had just encountered a case where a hijacker had used an innocent party in a job and he proceeded to follow up the lad's tale, his history, past record, previous locations and employment, etc., and found the story to be correct in every detail. On the strength of these facts, Gibson was released and exonerated.*

What follows now is that Dr. House, armed with these observations, and convinced of the undreamed of power of the drug, proceeded on a campaign of actual experiments before medical and public authorities. His first case was in Dallas. One of the subjects was a man who had been sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years. The cross-examination under the influence of the drug evinced a considerable amount of testimony which, when checked up by the authorities, convinced them the prisoner had been sentenced for a crime he had not committed. Another subject used in the same test was awaiting the result of his appeal from a similar sentence of fifteen years. His testimony was also investigated by the authorities with the result that Maurey Hughes, then District Attorney of Dallas County, recommended that the appeal Judge dismiss the case—and so fifteen valuable years of one man's life were reclaimed.

Backed by these two concrete achievements, Dr. House then proceeded to more skeptical circles. Unannounced and without the benefit of "pull," he visited the office of the William J. Burns Detective Agency in Dallas and asked that they conduct any kind of a test they might see fit to impose in order to give Scopolamin a stiff but fair trial before an uninterested jury.

They took House at his word. Three men were chosen by the Burns officials. A list of twenty questions was prepared for the Doctor's use—but they were not given him until the men were ready to be examined. Meanwhile, twenty *incorrect* answers were compiled and the men were drilled until they knew them "all ways from the ace." All this preliminary work being unknown to Dr. House, the test certainly promised to be as stiff as he desired. And you can well imagine the surprise of the observers when, one by one, the *correct* replies to each of the twenty queries were quietly but firmly extracted from the unwilling brains!

The fake answers were "snowed under" by the actual facts and "Truth rose again." I got a letter written by the Assistant Manager of the Burns office which testifies:

"This is to certify that in August, 1922, Dr. House walked into my office, a stranger, and stated that he could place a man under the influence of a drug and make him answer correctly any questions asked. He desired the influence of the Burns Agency at Dallas, and inquired if I would give it to him if he permitted me to conduct the test in my own way. I will not express my opinion of him at the time, but I did accept his proposition for what it might offer. To make the test reliable, I selected three men and gave to Dr. House a list of twenty questions without the answers. The men understood that they were to give the wrong answers to prove the test unreliable. I desire to briefly state that Dr. House not only obtained the correct answers to the sixty questions, but the answers to many more. I therefore desire to express my entire confidence in the method as used by Dr. House. (Signed) H. G. Moore, Assistant Manager, Dallas Office, The William J. Burns Detective Agency."

*Joseph Shirley arrested with another negro, "Whitie" Moore for murder. The jury was hung up for twenty-five hours by four men who held out for death. They finally agreed on acquittal. The District Attorney would not agree to the use of the drug until after the trial. Then both Grand Jury and the trial jury were invited to witness the test on the two men. The members thanked Dr. House, after hearing the testimony, for convincing them that the men were innocent and the District Attorney concurred.*

Confirming this opinion, let me quote a brief extract from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* of November 28, 1923, in which Edgar Boutwell, automobile editor of that paper, described his similar failure to defeat the power of Scopolamin in a test made at the Tulane Medical College two days before:

" . . . I was one of the subjects in the test.

(*Continued on page 73*)

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*The Terror, seizing his opportunity, caught Boylan off his balance with a vicious right to the jaw.*

# Taming the Terror

## *Here is a Tingling Fight Narrative in Which the Villain and the Hero are Matched for Combat in the Prize-Ring*

### *By* Erle Hampton

*Author of "O'Malley's Christmas," Etc.*

THERE were two things of which the 3rd Precinct Station boasted and Bill Boylan was both of them—a man and a detective. There was but one thing about which Bill Boylan boasted—Jimmy, his son. Of course, now and then, Bill slipped in a bouquet for "the grandest little woman that ever walked," but then he expected everyone to know that she was wonderful anyway; so he concentrated on Jimmy.

"I tell you, Ed, this kid is *there!*" Bill pointed the stem end of a corn-cob tobacco incinerator at Captain Ed. Devery. "He's got a left hook that Dempsey would be proud of and the kick in his right would be a credit to any army mule."

"I know, Bill," said Captain Ed, "but isn't he a little young to start him against a champion?"

"Champion, hell!" Bill was on his feet. "This fellow is one of these here synthetic champions. Who ever heard of him? Who'd he lick? The Texas Terror! Huh!" Bill gave a contemptuous snort and settled back in his seat. "Terry O'Toole! It's more likely his name is Giovanni Spaghetti or Abraham Meyerowitz. Look at that mug!"

Bill thrust a newspaper into the hand of Captain Devery bearing a likeness of Terry O'Toole, the Texas Terror, featherweight champion.

"It's a fine Grecian nose he's got for an Irishman," Bill stormed on. "But Jimmy'll take care of that."

Captain Ed gazed long and intently upon the picture of the Texas Terror. "That nose doesn't look as though it belongs on that face," he said finally. "But then, since Dempsey went and got a new one, I suppose all these pugs will be doin' it."

Bill was not interested in the physiological observations of Ed Devery.



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"Who ever heard of this bum anyway, until Eddie Martin decided to be a picture actor and the boxing commission handed over the title to him?" he demanded.

"Well, Bill, you're the boss. You know your own son. The boys certainly will be rootin' for him, anyway."

As a matter of fact, where boxing was concerned, Bill usually was right and there were few in the precinct personnel—including Captain Devery—who would not accept his judgment. Bill, an old-time boxer himself—it was said that he had put on the gloves with Jeffries and Corbett—was the instructor of the 3rd Precinct boxing and wrestling school and assuredly there was not a man among them who would question his own ability with the padded mitt.

"Oh, Bill," said Devery, changing the subject, "as long as you're in New York you might as well keep an eye peeled for some of those gorillas that's wanted. Here's some reward papers."

He handed Bill a half dozen sheets of paper bearing likenesses of escaped criminals, murderers, forgers and others, with their Bertillon measurements and other marks of identification.

Bill ran through them rapidly, pausing over one and then another to make mental notations at which twenty-five years as a detective had made him so deft.

"All right, Cap'n," he said smiling. "I'll get 'em *all!*"

Devery laughed. "One'll be enough. But the business in hand is to come back with the featherweight championship. Tell Jimmy I wish him a bushel of luck and so do the boys."

"We'll bring home the bacon," assured Bill. "In fact," he called over his shoulder as he passed out the door, "we'll bring back the whole damn pig!"

. . . . . .

The arena of the Spartan Sporting Club was a seething mass of humanity. The buzz of conversation of nondescript thousands filled the smoky air. Two knockouts in the preliminary bouts had whetted the appetite of the crowd and the blood-lust of their prehistoric forebears found way into the beings of a so-called civilized people. They wanted gore and more of it.

A battery of high-powered arc-lights played upon the elevated roped square in the centre of the auditorium. Men with towels, buckets and bottles nervously administered to the gladiators, who occupied opposite corners of the ring.

Jimmy Boylan, youthful and trained to a nicety, sat with his arms spread upon the ropes. His pale face seemed whiter under the glare of the arcs and contrasted strangely with the old red sweater thrown carelessly over his shoulders. An abundance of freckles and a fiery tousled crop of hair accentuated his pallor. He was the pugilistic guinea-pig, the trial horse who was to be led to his doom before the new champion. Could he stand the gaff? Was he a match for the so-called battering ram from Texas, the Texas Terror, Terry O'Toole? These were the questions which occupied the minds of the crowd and the unanimous answer was "NO." They were glad of it, too, for it meant another was to be battered into insensibility before their eyes. It meant someone, not themselves, was in pain.

*O'Toole came out of his corner with murder in his heart. Jimmy Boylan was the pugilistic guinea-pig, the trial horse who was to be led to his doom.*

In the opposite corner sat the Terror, radiating confidence and conceit. Bedecked in a dazzling robe of purple and yellow, he sat calmly surveying his victim, while his seconds massaged his legs and arms and whispered directions without number into his ears. But these instructions were meaningless. The Terror knew his business. Joe Malevinsky, his crafty manager, had told him what to do and he was going to do it. It would be all over in a round. He stroked his shiny black hair with his hand, grotesquely encased in an eight ounce boxing glove and looked around cynically at the crowd.

"Look at that nose," whispered Bill Boylan into Jimmy's ear, "what a beautiful target for a straight left. You ought to be able to spread that all over his face in ten rounds, Kid. Keep him away with the left and feel him out. Save that sledge-hammer right until you see the black and blue of his eye and then—and then I'll send a telegram home to mother and tell her the glad news."

The timer's bell brought the crowd to attention and the brassy, penetrating voice of Harry Hawkins, veteran and redoubtable announcer, pierced the air.

"In this corner, ladees and gen'men, Terry O'Toole, featherweight cham——"

His voice was drowned by the cheers, followed by incipient hisses.

"In this corner," persisted Hawkins, "Jimmy Boylan—the challenger—one hundred and twenty-six pounds," Jimmy stood up and bowed acknowledgment to the scattering applause. The men were called to the center of the ring for final instructions, the squared arena was cleared and the bell rang—the fight was on.

"Remember, Kid," shouted Bill as Jimmy advanced to meet his self-sufficient foe, "keep him away—feel him out—use that left."

O'Toole came out of his corner like a leopard. He wormed his way to the center of the ring where Jimmy was waiting for him. With a leap he swung his right toward Boylan's chin, but the blow never landed. Instead, the champion was straightened up by a neatly placed left that struck with remarkable precision and considerable force on the end of his nose.

"Yah! That's the kid—use that left—on the nose—

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spoil that Grecian profile." Bill Boylan was jumping up and down in Jimmy's corner.

The fighters went into a clinch and as they broke Jimmy again stuck his left into the face of The Terror, and the crowd howled its delight.

"Don't box him—fight him," yelled Malevinsky from O'Toole's corner and O'Toole rushed his man once more, both hands working like piston rods. Jimmy was forced to the ropes, but he knew enough to fall into a clinch. Separated once more, the men squared off and then—bang—bang—bang—Jimmy's left shot out again and again and again, each time landing squarely in the centre of his adversary's face until O'Toole's olive-hued skin took on a decidedly crimson tinge.

Bill Boylan sat in Jimmy's corner nervously muttering to himself. "That's the stuff—that's the stuff, Jimmy" he was saying. "Wait your chance—wait your chance."

And Jimmy seemed to obey the whispered admonition. The men clinched, broke and The Terror came at Boylan like a madman. Both arms were swinging like flails. Jimmy stepped in between them.

"Smack!"

Jimmy's right found the beautiful Grecian proboscis of O'Toole and it seemed to flatten like the celebrated wheat cake. The Terror staggered back, but before Jimmy could follow up his advantage, the bell rang, ending the round. O'Toole's seconds helped him to his corner. Jimmy walked jauntily to his seat, where his dad and trainer greeted him with a sponge of refreshing water. The crowd, always with the man who's winning, cheered him lustily.

In O'Toole's corner it was a different story.

"Me nose—me nose," whined The Terror to Joe Malevinsky. "I think he busted it."

"Naw," assured Joe, "he just flattened it a little. Go after him as if you meant it. We'll beat this bum."

"Where do you get that *we* stuff?" demanded the irate O'Toole. "This ain't your nose. I just coughed up one grand to get it upholstered." He felt the much abused nasal organ. "It's as flat as a whiskey tenor. I'll kill that guy for this."

Bill Boylan, having administered the necessary dousing and shaken a towel before his protege and son until he was arm weary, issued final instructions of warfare and turned his attention to the camp of the enemy. The sight of O'Toole, his shiny hair decidedly disarranged and his Grecian nose flattened to a fare-thee-well, fascinated him. A curious expression came over the face of the big detective. He scratched his head. The warning bell rang and Bill climbed out of the ring, but not until he had taken one more look at The Terror.

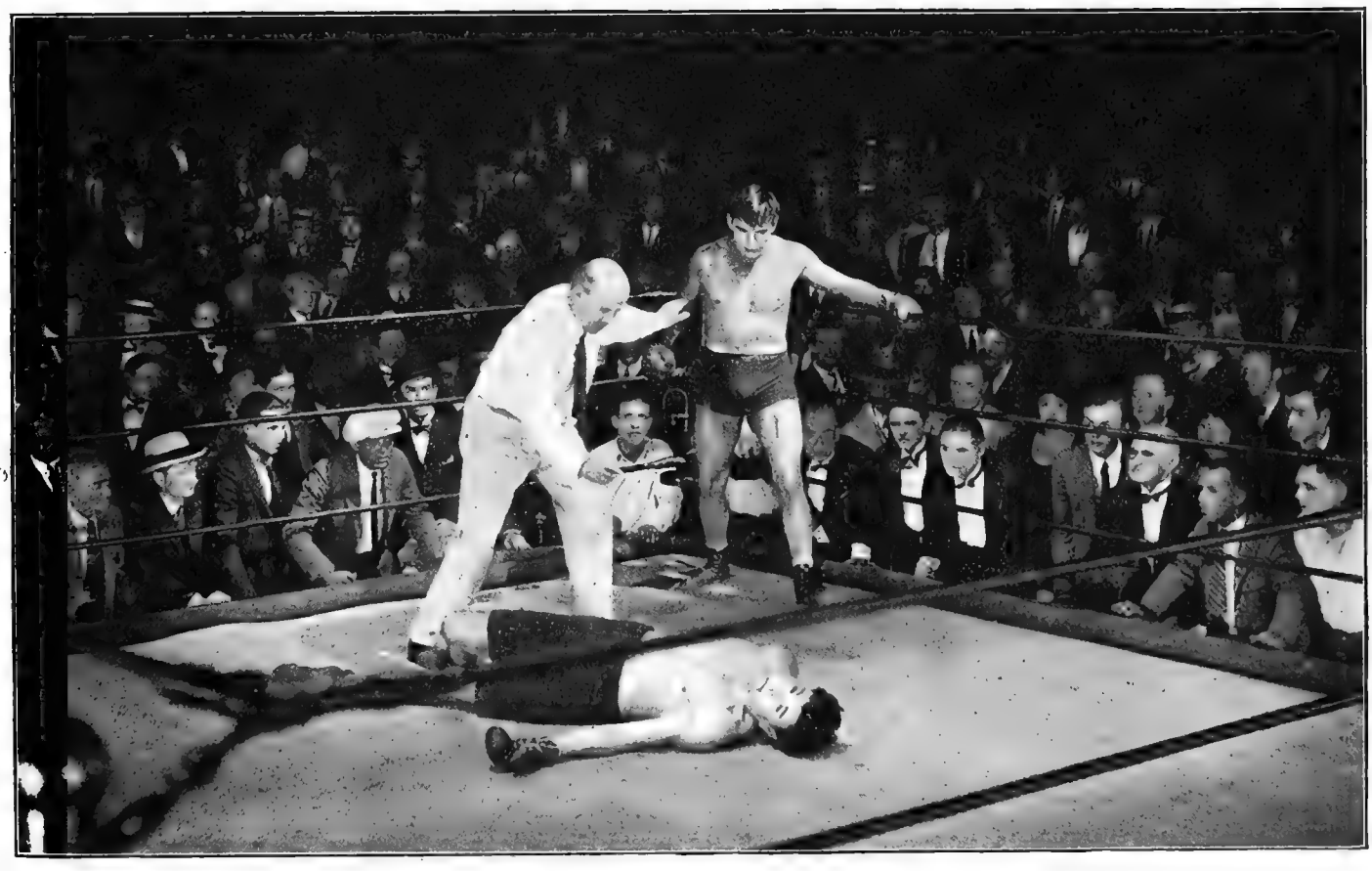
O'Toole came out of his corner with murder in his heart. Jimmy timed his rush and attempted a sidestep. He slipped. The Terror, seizing his opportunity, caught Boylan off his balance with a vicious right to the jaw and the boy dropped to one knee. He was up in a second but his head was hazy. He attempted to clinch. O'Toole prevented this with a shower of rights and lefts, forcing Jimmy to the ropes.

In Jimmy's corner, Bill, eyes narrowed, peered intently at the two men in the ring. But, it seemed, he saw only one.

"That face," he muttered to himself, "that face."

The referee separated the fighters and O'Toole pressing his advantage, rushed Jimmy to the ropes again, raining rights and lefts to his head and body. The crowd was shouting madly. "Knock him out! He's a

(*Continued on page* 65)



*O'Toole crumpled to the floor and lay motionless while the referee counted the ominous ten. Five thousand raving maniacs howled their tribute to a new featherweight champion.*

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## Two Policemen of Stamboul

In that most mystic, romantic and colorful of all Turkish cities, Stamboul, the native police officer holds no sinecure. For here are gathered "shady" characters from all the capitals of the world; here are sequested those who are "wanted" by the police of the Continent. In a general sense Stamboul is a "port of missing men." Above are shown two policemen of the ancient city, a sergeant and a patrolman. Thé former is distinguished by his white service jacket. All Turkish policemen are selected for their special fitness, physical and mental, and while their pay is small their efficiency is remarkable, their duties to an unusual degree, onerous, dangerous and varied.


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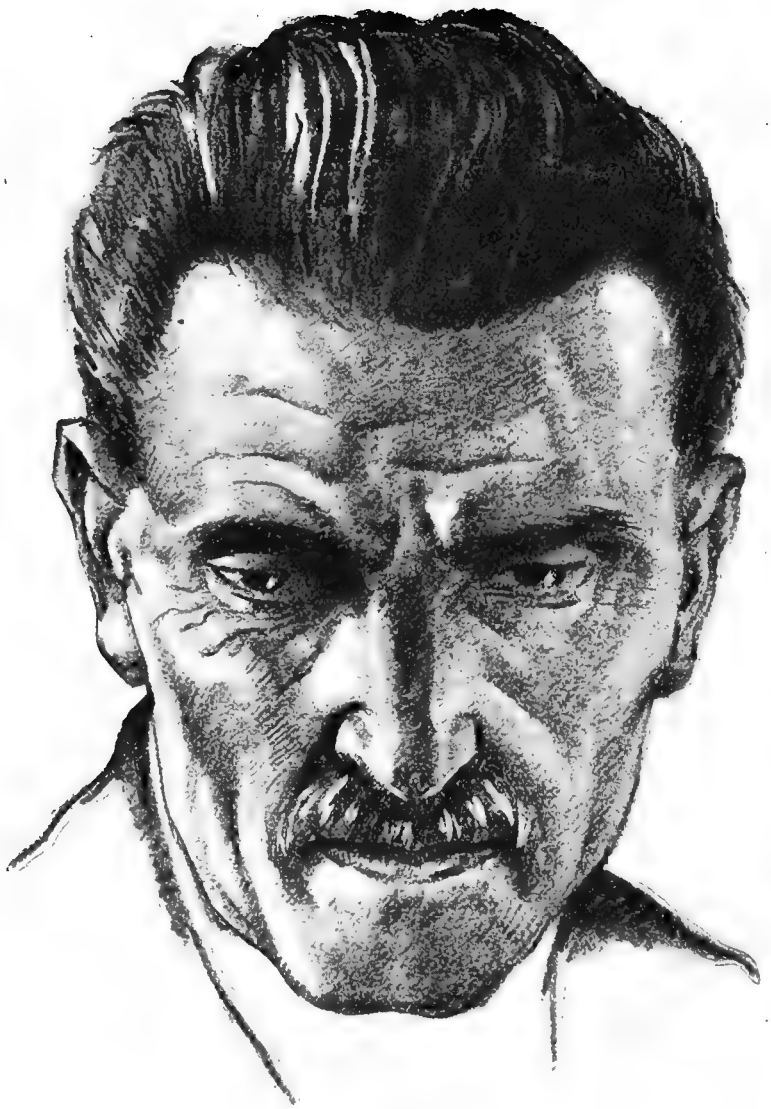

*Pietro Cassana, better known by his adopted American name as Peter Cassan, was nowhere to be found.*

*In the colony it was familar gossip that he worshipped Rose, the beautiful young wife of Tom Mancano.*

# Big Mike's Memory

## *He Was First on the Scene of the Mancano Murder Case and the Last to Deal With the Murderer*

*By* Guy Fowler

*Illustrated by* Roscoe Reed

When the police found Tom Mancano he lay with his face down. Thrust into his neck at the base of the brain was an ice pick. When the coroner arrived a few minutes later, and they attempted to turn the body over, it was discovered that the pick extended clear through Mancano's throat and into the floor. It was big Michael Henry, a patrolman on the beat, who braced his foot on the dead man's neck and pulled the ice pick free.

In another room, the body of Rose Mancano, the sinuous beauty of "Little Italy," lay stretched across the bed with a stab wound in her throat, inflicted obviously, by the same weapon. Her children and Tom's, two of them, huddled in the room too terrified to cry.

Pietro Cassana, better known by his adopted American name as Peter Cassan, was nowhere to be found. Pietro had been a boarder in the Mancano home for many months and to all the rattling tongues in the colony it was familiar gossip that he worshipped the beautiful Rose.

"Th' dirty dog," growled Michael, in his rich drawl.

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"It'll be th' chair for him." He clenched a hairy fist.

"Sure, if we get him," remarked Scalina, an Italian detective from headquarters.

"He can't have gone far. They're still warm." Michael nodded to the bodies lying side by side on the bed.

But Michael was only a patrolman then and he knew less about the underworld of the melting pot than he does now.

Murders in "Little Italy" were common enough, but those of us from the newspapers who mingled with the police and the officials from the coroner's office, found nothing dull in this case. In the first place, Thomas Mancano was a respected citizen of Elberton, a business man and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He stood for all that was good in the theory of Americanization, loved his adopted country and was raising his children to become loyal citizens.

His wife, one of the belles of the colony, came from an equally respected family. She had given Pietro Cassana no encouragement, that was certain. We pieced the story out, little by little, from gesticulating Italians in the neighborhood. Mancano, tiring of the treachery of the man who had been his friend, had ordered him from the house. That had been common knowledge two weeks before the tragedy.

Pietro, around the pool-rooms and clubs of "Little Italy," had been heard to boast that he would not go. There were no witnesses to the murderous attack, except the children, and they were too young to be of much assistance.

Despite his boast, nevertheless, Pietro did go—completely. In his wake, he left two great-eyed little orphans with their lives marred by ugly tragedy. Pietro left in a hurry, for we searched his room and found it intact. It seemed to the police and to the reporters that his arrest would be only a matter of time.

Two days passed and it began to appear that he had escaped from the city. That seemed next to impossible for every avenue was watched. There were the usual editorial attacks, charging the police with inefficiency, which made the task no easier for the police reporters. We worked in with the department and knew what the men faced. Easy enough, we argued among ourselves, for some spectacled journalist in his smoky cubby, to solve all the riddles of the world.

Weeks passed and the case, like all others, lost interest. New sensations crowded one on the other. The disappearance of Pietro Cassana was complete.

I had occasion to visit "Little Italy" one night and ran into Michael Henry, loitering in the doorway of a vegetable and fruit store. It was a fact that Michael scorned the "spiggoties" vehemently, but he liked them, just the same. And, strangely enough, they liked him in return. The bad ones among them respected him heartily, especially those who numbered among their experiences any unpleasant one with him.

Naturally, we returned to the Mancano mystery.

"It's a funny thing to me that some of you smart reporthers didn't catch this ginney," he grumbled.

"What about the smart cops, Mike?" I retorted maliciously.

"G'wan an' quit that. You know they didn't put an Irishman on th' case. Ivery man that was detailed was a spiggoty himself."

But there was no venom in the heart of Michael Henry. He knew well enough that everything had been done that was possible. His face softened.

"Just th' other night, I was walkin' along and who do you think I came onto?" His straight, firm lips curved into a broad smile. "The little Mancano kids. An' pretty as a picture, th' both av thim. They're livin' with Rose's folks over in Columbus avenue."

We parted then, each to go about his business. The next time I had occasion to think of Michael was when a list of men eligible for promotion was placed before me at headquarters by the chief.

"What do you think of this list?" he suggested. Ed O'Hearn was that kind of a Chief. He would have battled his route through a battalion of machine guns, but on affairs of judgment he took into consideration the opinions of others. And he had a wholesome respect for the opinions of newspaper men, once he had tested them and found them true.

I glanced at the list of names and recognized most of them. Some subconscious thought sprang to life as I noted that Michael Henry was not among them.

"What kind of a cop is Mike Henry, Chief?" I asked.

"Why, he's a damned good man," replied O'Hearn, without hesitation.

"That's what I thought, too."

Nothing more was said about it. When the list of promotions was given out for publication, some weeks later, Michael was named as a detective sergeant.

With the coming of the robins, the police department vacation schedule became a thing of no uncertain interest. Big Michael had always chosen this time of year because of the fishing, a sport which he enjoyed to the utmost, even though his cork never went below the surface. So, he put in his application as usual and was rewarded. I met him at headquarters that night.

"Where are you going this time, Mike?" I asked.

"Oh, only up around Edinburgh. There's the lake there an' back in th' hills them little bouncin' streams. Many's the fine————."

I raised both hands. "All right, Mike. I know how big they are."

On Friday night of the first week of Michael's fortnight vacation, there came to me at The Herald office a long distance call from Edinburgh.

"Henry speakin'," said a heavy voice. I had forgotten Michael.

"Henry who?" I inquired politely.

"Henry, hell! It's Mike Henry."

I hastily apologized and he continued. "Say, can you take a run up here for Saturday an' Sunday? You'll like the fishin'. It's great. An' maybe I got a bit av a story for you."

Here was temptation. That is the only thing I never could resist. So I accepted the bid and Saturday afternoon found me at the Edinburgh station, where Michael awaited me, to repay me, so he said, for getting him a promotion.

"You wouldn't think this place was only thirty miles from a city, now would you?" he boomed, gazing at the beauty of the hills in the west, and turning to face the placid splendor of the lake.

"What's the story on your mind?" I wanted to take something back to the office to show for my neglect of duty.

"Maybe it is one an' maybe it ain't. I don't know." There was no good in hurrying him.

Over a supper of fried perch and bacon, Michael told me about the country there and the people.

*(Continued on page 55)*

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*Photograph of the beaver high-hat worn by Lincoln at his first inaugural as President of the United States.*

# Abraham Lincoln's Hat

## *By* Perriton Maxwell

FEW material relics of the illustrious dead can conceivably hold for us, in the present peaceful hour of our nation's progress, a more poignant interest than this frail and grotesque headgear once worn with an air, perhaps with a dash of human pride, by Abraham Lincoln. Like the man himself it presents a towering front of grim angularity; like the man, too, it has about it an atmosphere of gentleness and humor. Symbol of the loose-limbed, uncouth giant whose soul was aflame with justice and whose mind comprehended the larger needs of his period, this lean, pathetic shred of beaver-fur and fabric remains, after more than six decades (he wore it at his first inaugural address), the mute reminder of him whose natal day we celebrate this month.

Just one hundred and sixteen years ago the Great American came into being in a rude Kentucky hut and lived to write his name imperishably in the annals of our land. No man of the past is better loved, none more revered. His fame increases with the pendulum's swing; his wisdom has withstood the acid test of time, partisanship and historical hair-splitters.

And something of what he stood for in his day, and should stand for in our own, is typified in this wierd and antiquated "topper," once so intimate a part of him. It pictures self-respecting democracy and betokens the illuminating wit, the merciless logic of the brain that throbbed beneath its attenuated cylinder.

Neither Cæsar's many-jewelled crown, nor Napoleon's golden bay-leaves can evoke for us half so much of reverence or a tithe of the admiration which stirs us at sight of this lank and hopelessly unfashionable headcovering of Lincoln's. Nothing could be simpler in shape and design, nothing less pretentious. By its very homely severity and lack of affectation it megaphones a message of straightforward Americanism. It is an ebon-hued banner of masculine integrity, it advertises human worth, it spells for the discerning the sturdy virtues we love to exalt and to emulate.

It sets one to thinking, this hat, now that our nation is smoothly sailing on the level sea of prosperity. Who is there among the so-called great worthy of wearing it? Who would dare don it today? Certainly none in the public eye at this moment. Perhaps when we are again faced with a great national crisis one may arise whose personal attributes will warrant the honor of clapping it over his brow.

Meanwhile, to all good Americans, hats off to Lincoln's hat!



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*This figure and the one opposite show the typical Carabiniero.*

*Professor S. Ottolenghi (seated), the inventor of many scientific methods of criminal identification, and his two assistants, Drs. Guiseppe Falco and Ugo Sarrentino.*

*The uniform of the Carabinieri is decorative and impressive.*

# The Criminal's Purgatory

## *Italian Police Detectives are Both Clever and Vigilant and the Central Bureau at Rome is a Marvel of Scientific Efficiency*

*By Acting-Captain* John A. Golden *in Collaboration with Deputy Chief Inspector* Samuel G. Belton, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

*Illustrated with official photographs by the Roman Police Department*

"THAT fine Italian hand." The phrase was coined by early Victorian novelists with sole reference to the spidery script written by our grandmothers, but it has lived on, after taking a broader meaning, because it somehow seems to imply the Italian character. For this character cannot be described in direct words, though some of its many sides may occasionally be illustrated by incidents. For example:

Last April the Roman police authorities wrote to us of the New York Police Department asking for specimens of forms used by our Bureau of Criminal Identification for the apprehension of fugitives from justice. A number of circulars, all of which had been in actual use, were sent by the next steamer. Similar requests, coming from all parts of the civilized world, are continually received by us, and all are promptly complied with as routine matters of professional courtesy.

A letter of acknowledgment is always returned, of course, couched in flattering terms more or less graceful according to the racial characteristics of those who write them. In most cases those terms may or may not be more sincere than the "very truly yours" with which one ends a business letter.

The Romans, however, proved the sincerity of their appreciation beyond any possibility of doubt. For in their own smooth, frictionless way, they used our circulars to catch and return four of the criminals described therein, who had taken refuge within their jurisdiction. And all of those criminals were wanted here for murder.

We of the Nordic race will witness an earnest conversation between two Italians and be wholly misled by it. With us tones and gestures such as they use would probably end in homicide, whereas if Antonio really thirsted for Giovanii's gore there would have been no conversation. He would have kept the matter under his hat until it was ended and the ghastly results were discovered to speak for themselves.

So it has been throughout the many pages of Italian history, and so it is still, with all classes from royalty



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down. Naturally these include both the police and the criminals. Mussolini has effected certain drastic reforms in the police organization, but to reform their racial heritage would be far beyond his powers, even if he wished to; which he undoubtedly does not, for no one has a greater share in that heritage than he.

We visiting delegates from the New York Police Department are fairly well accustomed to Italians, it is true. It would be strange if we were not; our city shelters at least twenty-five per cent more of them than does Rome itself. Never before, however, had we seen them in their own country, attending to their own affairs, and some mental agility was required in order to adjust ourselves to this new point of view.

*The Criminal Identification Bureau of Rome is the finger-print clearing-house for all Italy. Its novel and efficient system was installed by Professor Gasti.*

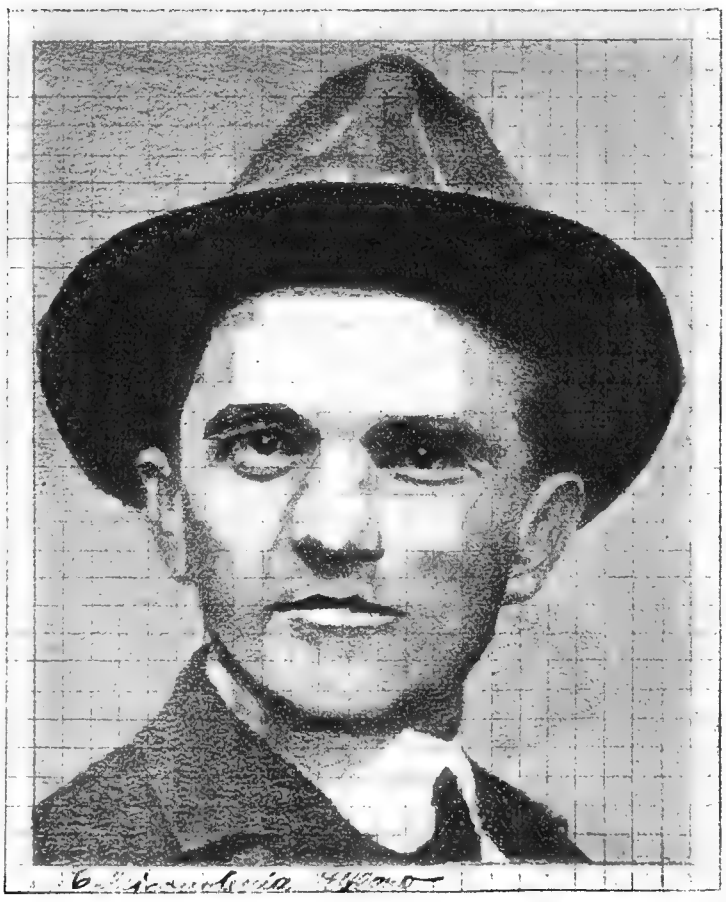
Certainly there was no disposition to place obstacles in our way; quite the contrary! "That fine Italian hand" promptly manifested itself in the most delightful manner possible. From the moment we entered the country, at every stop of the train, some courteous official would appear as though by magic in order to assure himself that nothing which could add to our comfort remained unattended to. Nowhere in Europe was all information more unreservedly placed at our command.

A detailed account of the Italian police organization has been given in a previous article. Still, as a general knowledge of the police as a whole is necessary properly to understand the Italian detective force, a brief recapitulation will not be out of place.

Italy is divided into seventy-one provinces. Each province has its executive head, the Prefect. Ranking directly below the Prefect is the Questore, who is in charge of the police stationed within his zone of authority. Both of these officials are responsible to the central government only, and both report directly to the Minister of the Interior. The Prefect's position corresponds very closely to that of our own state governors, but with one important difference. The Prefect, and incidentally the Questore also, may be transferred at any time to any province in the nation. And this has occurred a number of times.

Rome, of course, is the capital of all Italy, but it

*By means of a system invented by Professor Umberto Ellero, Inspector-General of the Italian Department of the Interior, accurate portraits and pictures of places and objects are telegraphed from any distance. The portrait here reproduced was sent by wire from Milan to Rome on an ordinary telegraphic transmitter. Thus criminals are identified.*



*In sending and receiving these pictures, paper ruled in four-millimeter squares is employed. Each square is filled in with various degrees of shading, each shade identified by a number. The numbers are telegraphed and the receiver, working with his pattern chart, marks down in one of the squares a horizontal or a perpendicular tone.*

*This is an original photograph of a woman whom the police of Palermo wanted.*

*This is the way the photograph of the woman at left appeared when worked out.*

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*In the three specimens of the same portrait here reproduced, the whole process of sending by wire an accurate likeness for criminal identification is demonstrated. The above is the actual photograph transmitted.*

*Here is shown the detailed copy of the photographic portrait after it has been worked out by the receiver on paper ruled in four-millimeter squares. The method is purely mechanical and requires no skill in drawing.*

also is the capital of a province consisting of the city itself and its suburbs. All the provinces of Italy function identically, so we will deal specifically with the Province of Rome.

The police of Rome, and therefore of all Italy, essentially consists of the Caribinieri — Carbineers— who are and have always been a hand-picked corps with centuries of cherished fighting traditions behind them. For police purposes they are divided into two parts, the uniformed and the detective branches. It is with the latter, known as the Carabinieri Specialists, that this article has to do.

Rome, it is true, has only about 750,000 inhabitants, but its vital importance to Italy is so great as to be difficult for Americans fully to comprehend it. It is an orderly city from a police standpoint, but to see that it remains so, two thousand

*And here is the final result of the telegraphically transmitted portrait with all the hard edges of the numbered squares merged into soft lights and shadows. It is comparable with the actual photo.*

detectives are assigned to duty there; exactly twice the number that we have in New York.

Of these detectives, one half are attached to Headquarters, their Central Office, for special duties which will be enumerated later. The remainder are distributed among the city precincts and the suburban communes. So far as the detectives are concerned, both precincts and communes are simply districts situated in different sorts of environments.

Rome has seventeen city districts and eight suburban communes; twenty-five in all. The immediate commanding officer of each district is known as a Commissario, which may be translated as "Commissioner". A Commissario also commands each of the various headquarter squads. The Questore of Rome is therefore supported by thirty-six commissarii. Each Commis-

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sario, moreover, is assisted by at least one Vice-Commissario, and most of them have three such assistants.

At this point, in the Italian police, there are certain sharp distinctions of rank and authority that differ in some respects from all other police forces and in every respect from police customs of the United States.

To begin with, the upper officers of Italian police, from Prefect to Vice-Commissario, are never recruited by promotion from below the latter grade. A prerequisite for eligibility to those grades is either a university degree or, at least, a membership in one of the so-called "Learned professions." They have no military rank; they are purely civilians.

As such they command the uniformed Carabinieri in something the same manner that our President commands the United States Army; that is, through the military officers who translate his wishes into definite orders. But when the Carabiniero is enrolled among the Specialists he takes off his uniform, and with the civilian's clothes which he wears as a detective, he passes under the direct control of his civilian superior officers. If he is assigned to the Central Office, he finds the force of which he has become a member to be divided into three principal branches, as follows:

First, the Public Order and Security Division. This has a quota of approximately two hundred men who are assigned in five groups which attend respectively to Service of Strangers ("foreigners" is the word we would use) Political Activities, Anarchists and Publications; the last duty is very closely allied to the preceding two.

Next, the Police Administration Division. This has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five. In their charge are Public Buildings, Licenses, Firearms, Explosives, Social Welfare and, finally, the regulation of licensed and legalized prostitution.

Third, the Police Judiciare, one hundred and fifty strong. These are the detectives proper, from the layman's point of view. It is they who look after crimes, professional criminals, active vice and the like.

Besides these three major divisions of the Central Office detectives, there is another, much smaller, but characteristic alike of the Carabiniero's corps traditions and the heritage of his race—"that fine Italian hand" of which so much previous mention has been made.

This is the Night Patrol Squad. It is against all precedent for the Roman to take avoidable chances of his work being ill done, and therefore he not only watches those who do it, but watches the watchers as well. Because while he still wore his uniform this watching process naturally took the form of rounds and grand rounds, he translates the latter, by means of this squad, into civilian terms when he dons civilian clothes. As its name indicates, this squad functions during the hours of darkness. In small groups it wanders about the city, something after the fashion of that Caliph with the unpronounceable name in the *Arabian Nights*, observing conditions in general, but giving special attention to known places of disorder and reported conditions likely to result in infraction of the law.

There are also a number of these Carabinieri Specialists who act as clerks, telegraphers, chauffeurs and the like; who, in short, are employed in the various

(*Continued on page* 56)

*Here is the photograph of a house in Sicily where a notorious murder was committed. It was necessary to identify the place at once for the information of the Roman police. The photograph was detailed numerically over the wires by the Ellero system.*

*The accuracy and speed of the Ellero method of telegraphing numbers corresponding with small squares of varying black and white tones may be judged by comparing the above with the original photograph beside it. No important detail is missing.*

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# Pretty Soft for Percy

## *A Story of Crooks Versus Crooks and Why Virtue is not Always Its Own Reward*

### *By* G. P. Wilson

*Illustrated by* Leo Kober

Lem Bedford, the one and only custodian of the peace and welfare of Huckboro, Illinois, and Charlie Miller, proprietor of the City Emporium, were seated behind the stove playing chess. It was eight o'clock in the evening and business was at a standstill. Just at a critical point of the game, the telephone rang and Mr. Miller had to answer it.

"Police Headquarters at St. Louis wants to talk to you," he said, turning to Lem. "Must be something doing." He returned to his chair.

Lem hurried to the telephone. It was the first time he had ever received an out-of-town call and naturally he was excited about it. After the usual delay, he heard a voice above the hum of the wires:

"Is this the Chief of Police at Huckboro?"

"Yes," shouted Lem.

"Police Headquarters, St. Louis, speaking. Do you know a young man named Percy Jackson?"

"I've known him since he was a baby."

"What kind of a boy is he?"

"About the average. He's got a good job keeping books for the Coal Company and works every day. If he wasn't honest, he couldn't hold his job. He brags a lot and is pretty much of a smart aleck, but outside of that he's all right. What do you want to know about him for? Is he in trouble?"

"No, just wanted to ask about him. Thanks for your trouble."

The man at the other end of the wire hung up the receiver and ended the conversation.

"What do you know about that?" growled Lem, turning away from the phone in disgust. "The Chief of Police in St. Louis wanted to know all about Percy Jackson, but he wouldn't say a word about what he wanted the information for. Wonder what Percy's been doing now?"

Lem is still wondering. He was at the depot when Percy came home the next afternoon and noticed that he was wearing a new fur overcoat. This added to Lem's curiosity. He knew, in a vague sort of way, that fur coats cost a lot of money, and he wondered how Percy could afford one. But Percy had ingenuity and had managed.

. . . . . .

A well-dressed, handsome young man entered the lobby of the Madison Hotel and gazed about, evidently looking for some one among the inevitable loungers who occupied the chairs the hotel management had provided for its guests. He was obviously disappointed; for, after a few moments' search, he frowned impatiently and turned back toward the entrance.

As he was passing the cigar counter on his way out, he stopped as though he had suddenly remembered something, and reaching into his pocket he produced a gold cigarette case. He opened it, and found that it was empty and walked over to the cigar counter to have it refilled. When he paid for the cigarettes, he handed the girl behind the counter a dollar bill, folded twice. She rang up his purchase, placed the bill, still folded, in the cash register, and with the usual polite "thank you" handed him his change.

Some time after the young man had gone, the girl went to the cash register and after a quick glance about to ascertain whether or not she was being watched, unfolded the dollar bill. Between its creases was a cigarette paper. Printed on the paper, with lead pencil, was the single line:

"*Same place at* 6.30."

Stooping over as though she had dropped something

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on the floor, the girl rolled the paper into a small ball and stuffed it into the top of one of her high shoes. She then straightened up, smiled as though contemplating some future pleasure, and began to leisurely arrange the magazines on the counter.

Remona Bellingford possessed all the requisites of a perfect woman, with one exception—brains. Nature had intended, it seemed, to produce a masterpiece, but after having endowed Remona with all the outward beauties of a Greek goddess, had suddenly tired, and left her with a brain absolutely void of reasoning power. She attracted men as a beautiful woman inevitably does; at first sight, they burned with a desire to meet her, but after taking her to dinner or the theatre, they realized that something was missing. Intelligent men knew what this something was and felt sorry for her. But not sorry enough to take her out again.

Remona did not mind this lack of interest. Ever since she had gone to work selling cigars and magazines in the lobby of the Madison, she had had more engagements than she could conveniently fill. It did not seem strange to her that only a very few men ever took her to dinner more than once. In fact, she did not give the matter a thought.

Mr. Layman, the man who had given her the slip of paper, had always been a mystery too deep for her mind to grasp. He had taken her to dinner once some six months before, and had never taken her out again. On that occasion he had asked her numerous questions about her duties at the hotel and had ascertained just what knowledge she was able to acquire about the guests. He had told her that at times he would like to know certain things about certain people stopping there, and that he was willing to pay for this information. He seemed unusually interested in the fianancial status of the people he wanted to know about.

Remona secured what information she could for him. Sometimes by directly questioning the cashier, who was a friend of hers, and at other times from the men who took her out to dinner. There was nothing subtle about her methods. Her mind was incapable of that. She merely asked direct questions about that which she wanted to know, and people usually told her the truth.

Occasionally Layman gave her twenty-five or fifty dollars; and once, after telling him of a country banker who had taken her to the theater and bragged about the money he intended to invest in stocks, he had given her a hundred dollar bill.

Remona never wondered why he wanted the information she gave him nor why he was so secretive about it. She supposed, in a vague, indefinite way, that he used the knowledge he secured from her to some advantage to himself, but it was beyond her to figure out how he used it. She was perfectly satisfied. Why should she worry about his personal affairs as long as he paid her for doing nothing.

As soon as she was relieved that evening, she hurried to Seventh and Olive Streets. Layman was waiting for her, the collar of his great coat turned up, his soft hat pulled down over his eyes.

"On time, as usual," he said, jocularly. "How's the world using you?"

"All right," admitted Remona. "Only I need some new clothes."

Remona always stated frankly what was on her mind.

"A small matter," smiled Layman. "Just listen closely and do as Uncle Dudley tells you to, and to-morrow night we'll declare a big dividend right here on this corner."

"It's about time," complained Remona.

"Business has been bad," he explained, glancing at her apprehensively. This was the first time she had ever seemed dissatisfied with their arrangement. "But things are coming my way now. Do you remember that Mississippi planter who took you out to dinner night before last, or doesn't your mind grasp things so ancient?"

"Sure I remember him," asserted Remona, indignantly. "I don't forget things that soon. He was a pretty nice man, even if he did spring a lot of high-brow stuff on me. He's made oodles of money since the price of cotton went up."

"Did he tell you that confidentially?"

"Of course. They always tell me things confidentially. You told me to always find out how much money a man had, so I asked him."

The young man laughed. "Nothing like asking for what you want," he said. "I suppose the old boy told the truth. He seems to have the goods. What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm going to the Orpheum with a bird from Huckboro, Illinois."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Awfully nice kid," Remona informed him. "Good looking and a free spender, but a terrible wind-bag. He hasn't any more brains than are necessary."

"How do *you* know?" asked Mr. Layman, suspiciously.

"The cashier told me," confessed Remona, simply.

Mr. Layman seemed satisfied.

"Does he think enough of you to do you a small favor?"

"He'd do anything I asked him to," confided Remona.

"Are you absolutely sure about that? Do you know beyond a doubt that he wouldn't double-cross you?"

"Of course he wouldn't. He's in love with me."

"Maybe he'll do," said Mr. Layman, after considering the matter for a moment. "Now listen closely and get everything I tell you. If you miss any of it—good-by clothes. I want you to have this fellow come to my office in the Baumm Building tomorrow morning at 9:45 sharp, and buy five hundred dollars' worth of Always Ready Tire Company's common stock at par. That Mississippi friend of yours has a lot of money to invest in stock and I want him to buy Always Ready Tire common. He's not right sure whether he wants it or not. Almost convinced, but not quite. I'll have him there when this guy from Huckboro comes in and when he buys some of the stock and makes a strong talk about wanting a lot of it I believe the old man will come across. He'll figure that if other people think its' so good, he'd better get in on it while he can. Do you understand what I want you to do?"

Remona repeated her instructions.

"The cashier says that this hick never had over fifty dollars in his life," she continued. "What's he going to buy it with—wind?"

"I'll furnish the money," explained Mr. Layman. "Now concentrate on the rest of your instructions. When he comes in, he must say that a friend of his has some of this stock and has been receiving handsome dividends. He wants to get in on a good thing himself and intends to buy a big block of this stock as soon as he can convert some of his securities into cash. Tell him to make it strong."

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"Talking's his long suit," smiled Remona. "He sure can handle the English language."

"That's good," grinned Mr. Layman. "I believe he is just the man I want. Now get this, Remona. When you ask this gink to do this for you, don't blurt it out like you were ordering steak and onions. Ease up to it in a roundabout way. Make him think it's doing you the one great favor of your life. Tell him that the stock is so good that I only sell a limited amount to each person, and that you already have your limit. You can tell him that's the reason you don't come and buy it yourself. Now go over the whole thing. I want to be sure that you know just what to do."

Remona recited her lesson, and did well. Mr. Layman seemed satisfied. He reached into his pocket and handed her a roll of bills.

"You'll get a roll just like that for your own," he said, "if you don't forget and gum up this deal. Are you dead sure you know just what to do?"

"I could say it all backwards," Remona assured him. "Don't worry; I'll have my Huckboro friend on the job. I'll have to hurry now if I am to meet him at eight o'clock."

. . . . . .

Percy Jackson gazed across the table at the beautiful features of Miss Remona Bellingford and sighed contentedly. He was realizing one of the great ambitions of his life. He was dining with a young lady whose beauty caused men to cast frequent and envious glances in his direction. He imagined that they were making remarks about what a handsome couple he and his companion made, and the thought caused him to glow with satisfaction. If the people of Huckboro could only see him now, they would realize that he was more than a mere bookkeeper for the Big Creek Coal Company.

Percy admitted that there were smart men in the world; fascinating men who took women's hearts by storm; but he did not consider any of them more alluring or wiser than himself. Hadn't he won the heart of Beaut Comstock, the woman member of the cleverest gang of crooks in America, and hadn't he outwitted this gang when they had attempted to rob him of a forty-thousand dollar payroll? No man could have done more.

Of course his fellow townsmen would never know how he had double-crossed Beaut, thereby enriching himself to the tune of one thousand dollars. It would never do to let that information leak out. But he often wished that he coud tell the truth about the Big Creek hold-up and the automobile he had purchased soon after it happened. People might appreciate him then.

As he sat basking in the publicity his companion gave him, he should have been at peace with the world —a thoroughly contented young man. He was enjoying the situation, but not to the uttermost. He had overdrawn his salary one hundred dollars, and try as he would he could not help thinking about it. A small, disconcerting voice in the back of his brain questioned what Mr. Black, General Manager of the Coal Company, would say when he found it out.

Percy had met Remona a month before and had found her a very desirable but very expensive companion. She did not care for picture shows—not when there was a regular theater open. An insatiable hunger always took possession of her about eleven o'clock and she was not a bit backward about suggesting a first-class restaurant as the best place to try satisfying it. She possessed a dislike for street cars that amounted to

*Charlie Miller, proprietor of the City Emporium, seated behind the stove had been playing chess with Lem Bedford.*

hatred, and a passionate enthusiasm for taxicabs—a habit that made her choice of residence a calamity; for she lived in the extreme west end of the city.

Add the cost of Remona's luxurious hobbies to the railroad fare from Huckboro to St. Louis, and you can readily understand why Percy had overdrawn his salary. Percy did not regret the expenditure Remona's society necessitated; but he did wonder where the money was going to come from. He knew that he could not keep on entertaining her as he had been doing. When he left home he had intended telling Remona the exact status of his finances. But like a great many of Percy's good resolutions, this one failed to materialize.

It was easy enough to imagine that Remona would sweetly condescend to being entertained on a less extravagant scale and accept his attentions because she was really fond of him. Thoughts of that kind had filled his mind at home. But they faded and disappeared rapidly in Remona's presence. Some sixth sense told him that unless he treated her in the accustomed way she would turn to some one who would.

Imagining himself in love with her, this was a rather disconcerting prospective. It hurt his egotism, shocked his exalted opinion of himself, but it did not keep him from enjoying being with her. It was a part of Percy's creed to enjoy the present and let the future take care of itself.

While an undercurrent in the back of Percy's brain was reminding him persistently of his financial condition, Remona was trying to do something that was impossible for her to do. She was endeavoring to carry

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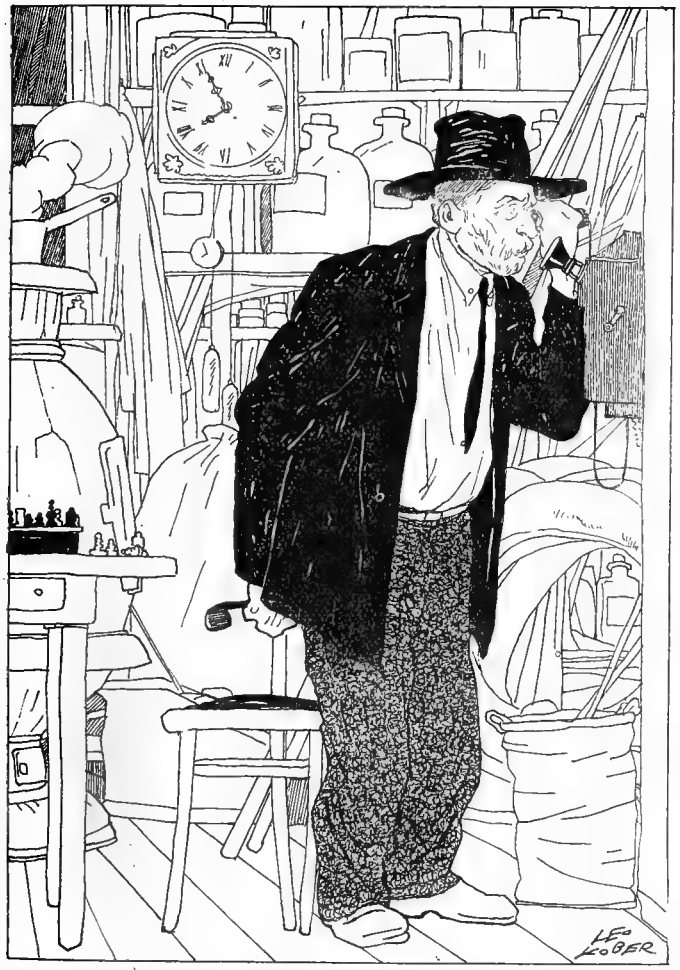


*Lem hurried to the telephone. It was the first time he had ever received an out-of-town call and he was excited.*

her end of the conversation and at the same time plan some diplomatic way of telling Percy about the five-hundred-dollar stock transaction. Doing two things at once was not an accomplishment that Remona possessed to any degree of proficiency. If she concentrated her mind on one thing, it was impossible for her to think of anything else. Mr. Layman had cautioned her about being careful, and she did not intend doing anything that would jeopardize the five hundred he had promised her. So she finally turned the conversation over to Percy, and gave her mind entirely to her problem.

"You must have something very important on your mind," Percy finally said, after he had talked to her for some time without a response. "You haven't said a word for half an hour."

"I've been thinking about you," answered Remona, smiling at him affectionately. "I was wondering if you really like me as well as you pretend to."

"I'm crazy about you," declared Percy, emphatically. "There's only one girl in the world as far as I'm concerned, and that's you."

"You're some kidder," declared Remona. "You don't really mean that."

"I certainly do," asserted Percy seriously. "I've never cared for any one like I do for you."

"That's what they all say," complained Remona, with a cynical shrug of her shoulders. "Almost every man who takes me out springs that one sooner or later. I wish there was some way for women to be sure about what men tell them."

"I'll do anything in the world to prove what I said."

"I wonder if you would."

"I sure will," vowed Percy, wondering if he had not been wrong in believing that she did not care for him. "Just try me and see."

"If you would do one small favor for me I'd believe you," said Remona. "It means a lot to a poor working girl like me."

"All you have to do, is to mention what you want," asserted Percy, enthusiastically.

"You won't think I'm foolish and laugh at me?"

"Of course not."

"Then I'll tell you," she said, lowering her voice as though she was afraid some one at a nearby table would hear her. "I want you to buy five hundred dollars' worth of Always Ready Tire Company stock for me."

If some one had poured a bucket of ice water on Percy's head, he wouldn't have been more surprised. Considering his present financial condition, Remona might just as well have asked him to buy the moon for her.

"What's the idea," he stammered, shifting about in his chair nervously.

"I already have all they will sell one person," confided Remona. "It pays awful big dividends and of course I want all I can get. I've saved up five hundred dollars and I want you to buy that much stock for me. You don't have to tell them who it is for. I know I am asking a big favor of you and I wouldn't do it if I didn't think you cared for me."

"It's nothing at all," smiled Percy, with a deep sigh of relief. "I'll be more than glad to buy the stock for you."

Remona gave him his instructions, just as Mr. Layman had given them to her. She did not overlook one thing. When she had finished she had Percy repeat to her just what he was expected to do and say.

"That's fine," she said, satisfied that Percy would do his part without any trouble. "I'll never forget what you are doing for me. It's getting late, so have the waiter call a taxi and take me home. I'll hand you the money when we get outside, where no one will notice it."

. . . . . .

Promptly at 9:45 the next morning, Percy Jackson walked into Mr. Layman's office in the Baumm Building. He was at peace with the world and mankind. Remona had allowed him to kiss her just before their taxi had reached her home the night before.

Since then he had thought of nothing else. He had even stopped worrying about his overdrawn salary.

Mr. Layman was seated before a handsome mahogany desk, talking earnestly to an old gentleman. As Percy entered, he arose and looked at him inquiringly.

"I am Mr. Jackson?" Percy began, extending his hand. "Is this Mr. Layman?"

"It is," smiled the other, shaking hands cordially. "What can I do for you?"

"I would like to purchase five hundred dollars' worth of Always Ready Tire stock," Percy answered. "I have a friend who has quite a bit of it. She told me that the dividends have been large and advised me to get some while I could. I want to buy a big block of it as soon as I can convert some of my securities into cash."

Mr. Layman smiled suavely, a bit condescendingly.

"I can let you have five shares at par," he said, as

(*Continued on page* 67)

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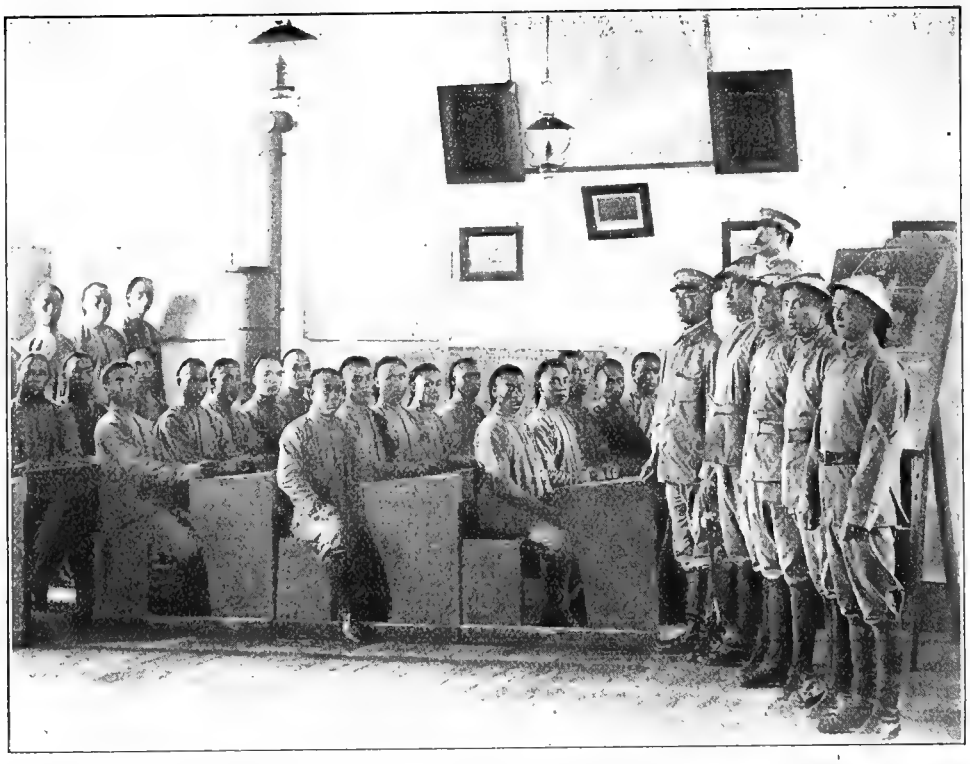

*The school for training police recruits, established in 1906 by the author, in the city of Hankow, China.*

# The Chinese Policeman As I Know Him

## *Cops of the Celestial Empire Differ Vastly from their Uniformed Brothers in Other Parts of the World*


*By Major* Albrecht Welzel

*Late Chief of Police of the Government of Kiaochou, China*


"DOES the Chinaman make a good policeman? Is he trustworthy?" These questions, almost daily, were put to me from outsiders during the days of my official life in China. When I answered the questions in the affirmative a skeptical smile often passed across the face of my interlocutor.

"Certainly the Chinaman makes a good police officer," I always explained, "with some restrictions of course; he must be carefully selected, thoroughly trained, impartially and individually treated and never lost sight of." An experience of more than twenty years in the Far East, of which I spent more than fifteen in the police service in China, entitles me to some judgment. I know that even from authoritative sources other opinions often were expressed but without shaking in any way my belief in the efficiency of the Chinese policeman.

If anywhere good results have not been attained I cannot but assert, without boasting of any merit of my own, that the fault certainly doesn't lie in the human material which is available in abundance in that huge far eastern country. Dissatisfaction undoubtedly lies either in the defectiveness of the existing police system or in the personal unfitness of responsible leaders.

The problem of securing fit men who promise to become good and steady policemen is, of course, not an easy one. It is rather insolvable for an inexperienced or an indifferent man who may be lacking the elementary requirements for this difficult task. Experience and practice, together with some psychological understanding must make good the want of all the resources which other civilized countries possess. In a foreign settlement, for instance, it is almost impossible to get personal testimonials from Chinese local authorities or from pri-


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vate persons except, perhaps, from some often doubtful bondsmen.

In the years 1906 and 1907 I had an opportunity to test my methods of selecting and training Chinese policemen on a greater scale while I was reorganizing the police force of Hankow City, that great Chinese trading-Metropolis on the Yangtze river. My appointment was due to the special request of the late Viceroy Chang Chi Tung, the famous Governor General of the Hukuang provinces in China, to whom I was personally known from my previous professorship at the military college in his capital, Wuchang, in 1897 and 1899.

My task was to build up a modern police force from the rotten old police body, existing only for show, "yu ming wu shy," as the Chinese say, and it was not an easy one. My work certainly would have ended in complete failure, or at least without any substantial success, if I hadn't the support of the Viceroy himself who was deeply interested in the matter. He gave me full power in all important questions and therewith a "face," as the Chinese call it, in the eyes of the local mandarins with whom I had to co-operate in my work.

*Typical patrolman of the Province of Kiaochou. These patrolmen are all young men and have been specially selected and trained for their work.*

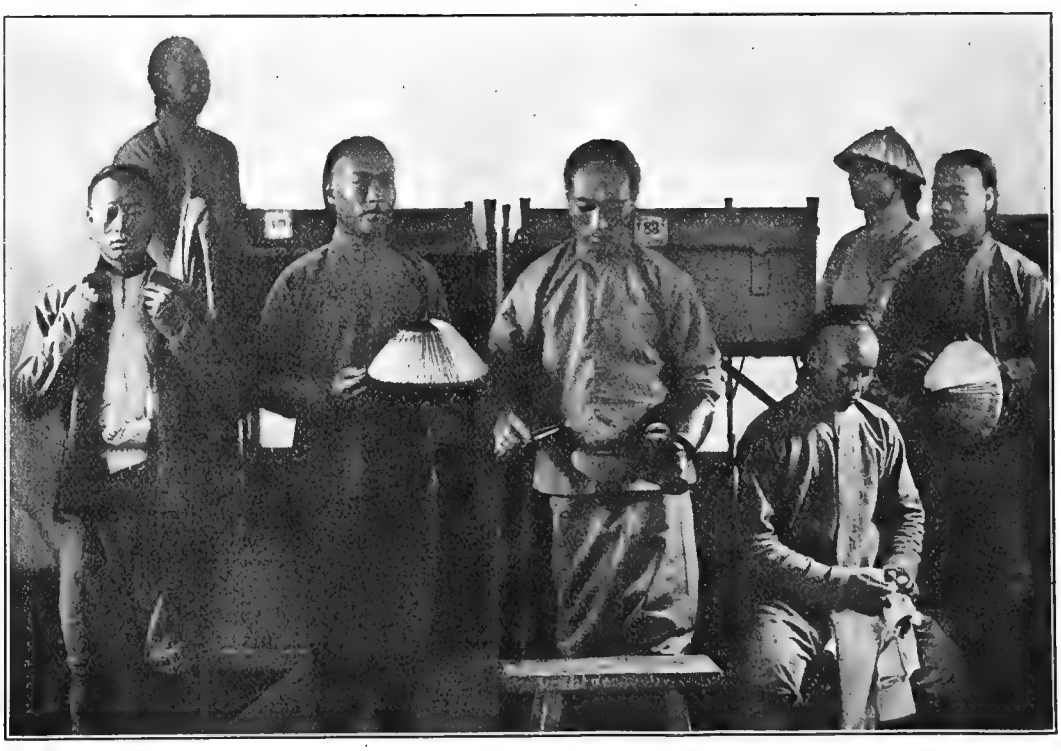
For my assistant in this reorganization work I had brought with me my Chinese secretary. I also had ten picked petty officers of my force in Kiaochou, strong bodied and reliable Shantungmen with experience in both the practical and theoretical training of policemen. One peculiarity of the situation I may mention arose from my request that only Chinese be employed as assistant-instructors and this was at first met with stubborn opposition on the part of the local mandarins. Only by a peremptory order of the Viceroy did I finally gain my point.

In beginning my duties on the first day at my headquarters, which were situated in a big temple in the midst of the city, I was besieged by great numbers of young men eager to enter the new police force. I began by sifting at first all bodily inferior or mean-looking men in a rather summary manner and then proceeded to select the physically and mentally fit.

The people of Central China, and still more of South China, are not as able-bodied and are much smaller in size than their brothers in the North where I had in my force many big lads, physically superb and tall, who would stand favorable comparison with the New York policeman, perhaps the finest masculine types in the world. On the other hand the inhabitants of the provinces Hupei and Hunan had a much better schooling than the average man of Shantung, which is the native province of the great Confucius. No men of the obviously vagrant type and no former Chinese soldiers, who I found from experience were poor police material, were enlisted. Most of the men selected were Hunanese, a smart and courageous lot of fellows, who like the Shantungese are in many respects born soldiers and policemen.

The physical training of a carefully selected body of Chinese police recruits is not a very difficult matter in the hands of experienced drillmasters. And the same may be said in relation to their theoretical instruction when held within the limits of the perceptive faculty of the average recruit. The Chinaman of average intelligence has quick comprehension and an excellent memory. The small textbooks, which I had elaborated as a practical guide for the instruction of the different grades in the rank and file, aimed to secure a uniformity in police work and facilitate the instruction; in a very short time these textbooks were committed to memory. The instructor who utilizes such a method to advantage is employing a practical sort of pedagogy and incites a healthy ambition among his students through vivid and interesting instruction and astonishing results are achieved in a relative short period of time.

A course of three months thorough training both in



*Chinese police recruits in their barracks preparing for the daily line-up and inspection.*

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practical and theoretical matters is sufficiently long enough to give the recruit a solid foundation for his service. The Chinese, like the Japanese, tend to overestimate theory at the expense of practice and specially among capable Chinese policemen there becomes noticeable a certain boastfulness of their learning. This adds to the difficulty of practical daily police work and becomes a natural counterweight. The very difficulty of the whole problem lies not so much in the merely professional training as it does in the further education and the control of the force. I invoked strong but humane methods.

*European mounted Inspector of Police of Hankow and a native Sergeant, both in full service uniform.*

By an educational system based on ethics and a thorough supervison of daily routine the force must be developed and strengthened and the moral standards raised among the men. The neglect of that point leads in the long run to great disappointment. The bringing up of a reliable, steady policemen is only possible by restraint of his ego and an enlargement of his understanding of the work he is required to do. Success depends therefore to a great extent on the moral qualities of the leader who gives to his force the stamp of his own personality.

Added to the personal leader qualities of the organizer of a Chinese police force there must be a thorough knowledge of the Chinese language and customs. The sayings of Confucius and Mencius should not be unknown to him, for the Chinese Empire for about 2,000 years has been a state operated on an ethical basis and for which the moral philosophy of their great philosophers has proved the foundation. No one will ever understand the character of the Chinese people or will be able to raise the level of police efficiency who hasn't at least some elementary knowledge of the great moral power inherent in the revered philosophers. The saying of Confucius "Look at a man's acts; watch his motives; find out what pleases him," must be a guiding maxim for the leader and all his assistants in a supervisory position. The latter must be urged to become as soon as possible intimately acquainted with the individual character of his subordinates. They must know his merits and his faults. Otherwise there is no possibility of cleaning out of the force the black sheep and inefficients and justly promoting the deserving men. The job calls for paternalism and vigor.

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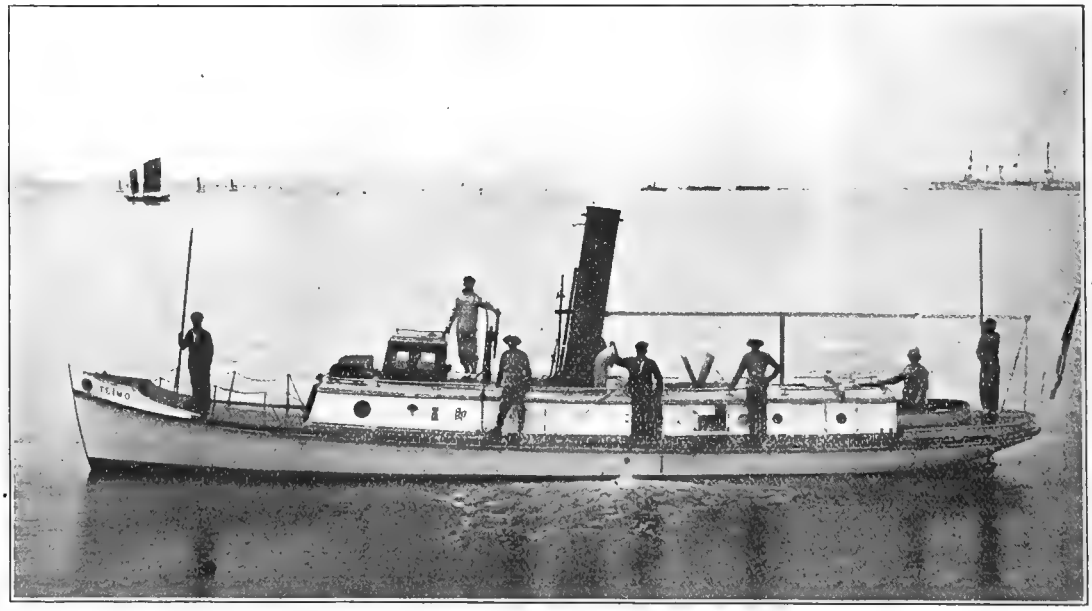

*One of the fast, new native police boats on the Yantze River, operated for the maritime protection of the commercial metropolis of Hankow.*

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# A Big Chance for Amateur Detectives!

POLICE DEPARTMENT LAKEWOOD, OHIO. December 22nd, 1924

## WANTED FOR HOLD UP and ROBBING BANK
## $3,000. REWARD

Francis E. Bush, alias Earl Anderson

Bertillon Measurements

1.73;7-76;0-92;2-20;3-15;0
14; 1-5;6 25;9-11;2 1-1 8;7-46;4

Finger Print Classification

$$\frac{1\ U\ 10\ \cdot 7}{1\ U\ 10\ \cdot 5}$$

Description, 24 years of age 5ft8¼in. tall, 161 lbs., light complexion Black Hair, medium Maroon eyes

Norman alias Jack Townsend

Finger Print Classification

$$\frac{10\ U\ 00}{6\ U\ 00}$$

Description, 25 years of age, 5ft7in. tall, 170 lbs, Ruddy Complexion, Dark Chestnut Hair, Blue Gray eyes round bullet scar below left elbow joint

Ruth Bush, alias Watson
Description, 24 years of age, 5ft. 4 inches tall, 100 lbs, Dark Complexion and dark bobbed hair, looks sickly, has been operated on several times about the stomach.

At about 10:00 A. M. November 28th, 1924 the above men and woman together with two other men [who are arrested] held up clerks with revolvers in the Madison Ave, Branch Bank of the Cleveland Trust Company, located corner Madison Ave and Arthur Ave, Lakewood, Ohio and robbed the Bank of $17,640.89 escaping in a stolen auto. The Cleveland Trust Company will pay $1,000 Reward for the arrest and conviction of each of the persons in the Robbery.

Kindly cause careful search and inquiries to be made for the above described men and woman; if located arrest, wire collect, and officer with proper papers will be sent to return them.

Notify Either

JACOB GRAUL
Chief of Police, Cleveland

L. B. MILLER
Chief of Police Lakewood

HAVE you a keen eye for faces? Could you identify the man in the upper right hand panel from this portrait? His two pals in the Lakewood, Ohio, bank robbery and hold-up on November 28th, last, have just been arrested and are awaiting trial. Norman, alias Jack Townsend is still at large. Find him and you will receive $1,000 from the Cleveland Trust Company. Here is a real opportunity for some young man to distinguish himself as a sleuth, receive the big reward and serve the interests of law and order. One of these criminal alarm posters will be pubished in POLICE MAGAZINE every month. Watch out for them.

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# Her Moment of Horror

## *When the Tranquil Life of a Country Parson's Wife was Suddenly Upheaved in Chaos and Brutal Death Grinned in Her Face*

### *By* Muriel Carberry

*Illustrated by* Walt Williams

THE pretty wife of the Reverend Archibald Sims had no feeling of evil foreboding as she kissed her husband goodby that black winter night.

"You'll surely be back by nine o'clock? The wardens might feel put out if they had to wait." She smoothed down the ends of his muffler.

"On the dot," he replied. "That will give me an hour to drive out and back and half an hour to cheer Evans. Sure you won't be nervous here alone?"

Polly Sims tried to frown at the aspersion cast upon her courage but succeeded merely in looking provocative. Small wonder her husband stooped down and kissed her fervently before swinging out with his lantern and driving off.

Buoyant with happiness Polly stepped back into the living-room of the little country parsonage and hummed a decorous tune as she went on with her sewing—a frail garment for the small daughter sleeping cherubically in the next room.

Oh, how much in life she had to be thankful for—a devoted husband, a lamb of a baby, this cozy home. She glanced down at the coals glowing cheerily in the open grate Franklin stove, at the red apples piled in the jade green bowl, and the fluffy ball of angora purring tranquilly at her feet.

The church wardens were almost sure to recommend an increase in salary for Archibald at their meeting tonight. Everyone commented on the rapidity with which the church had grown since he had become the rector. And no wonder, Archibald!—why, there was no one like him in the whole world. She'd sit up until the meeting was over and snuggling together in his big chair they'd plan how to make judicious use of the extra money. Now——

What was that? Polly sprang to her feet, sending spools, scissors, and thimble whirling to the floor. A vehement knocking at the back door was followed by a rattling of the knob. Then shuffling steps could be heard in the kitchen, now down the hall.

"Oh, oh!" Instinctively Polly rushed across the room and barricaded the entrance to her child's sleeping place. She stood against the door clenching her fists. Simultaneously the ball of angora unwound itself, scuttled toward the sofa and stood belligerently, hair on end and back raised.

The living-room door burst open. "Why—why!" Polly dropped her arms and uttered a hysterical cry of relief. Only the loutish figure of the harmless simpleton whom the villagers called Silly Billy stood in the aperture.

"Good—good evening, William. I—I was afraid it was a robber, or something—something awful." She stopped to get her breath, then, "Sit down, won't you? Nice of you to drop in."

Polly waved her hand in the direction of Archibald's big chair and her caller slumped into it. Such an upheaval—just on account of Silly Billy! She went about the room picking up her scattered sewing utensils and soothing the fluffy kitten who refused to surrender the defensive even after the identity of the intruder had been revealed. The poor boy would probably sit there quietly for fifteen minutes or so and then get up and go without a word, as usual. Whatever had got into him to cause such an obstreperous entrance?

Suddenly the young housewife felt something strangely electric in the atmosphere and straightened up. Her companion, always so aimless, was staring at her out of eyes no longer vacant but fiendishly canny.

He got up and lumbered toward her. "I saw you in church last Sunday," he panted.

"Oh, I'm glad you were there. The music was beautiful, wasn't it?" She stooped for the scissors in an effort to appear unconcerned.

"All the time I sat there I was looking at your neck—your soft white neck," Billy went on, and opened his mouth in a hideously exultant grin.

Unconsciously Polly put her hand up to her throat. "Oh, William, you mustn't say such things to me."

"No one else calls me William. You are good—as well as beautiful. I want to see blue marks on your soft white neck—your beautiful neck." He groped toward her.

"What do you——"

"As I watched you I made up my mind to come over some night after I had seen the minister drive off—and kill you." He leaned so close to her that his flushed face almost touched her cheek.

Polly raised terror-stricken eyes. Could this sinister creature be the once happy-go-lucky target for the village boys' jokes? It must be a horrible dream she was having.

The threatening words were hissed into her ear, "I decided to kill you because—I love you. You belong in Heaven where everyone is beautiful and good. Down here the people are wicked, all except you."

She covered her face in her hands and sank back against the sofa.

Her tormentor hovered above. "I'm going to put these two hands around your soft white neck and make lovely blue marks upon it—until you're dead. Look!"

His arms were outstretched. His horrible, ropelike fingers dangled before her.

It couldn't happen! It couldn't happen! God would



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*"I'm going to put these two hands around your soft white neck and make lovely blue marks upon it—until you're dead," muttered the hulking creature.*

never let her life, just when it was sweetest, be choked out by this great hulking creature who had gone suddenly mad.

The fingers coiled with slow strength about her throat —tightened. It couldn't happen. She crouched lower and fumbled for some means of support. Her hand brushed against the soft nainsook. Inspiration came like a flash.

"Le' go, le' go," she gagged.

His grip relaxed.

She poured out her words in a wailing voice, "If you're going to kill me, won't you give me time to finish this first? It's my baby's baptismal robe, my poor little baby. I want her to look well. No one else would take the pains about it that I shall. Oh, let me finish it."

"If you're quick about it," snarled Billy, lurching back.

With fumbling hands Polly threaded the needle in her sewing-machine and ran through the flimsy material at a fevered pace. She lingered a second and her assailant stooped nearer, crying out triumphantly, "It's done! It's done!"

"No, no," whimpered Polly beseechingly.

When the last prolonged stitch was inserted she began to make tucks—in the front, back, sleeves, lengthwise, crosswise—until the garment took on the dimensions of a doll's robe. The clock struck eight-thirty. If only she could hold off this scorching beast until Archibald came back. Half an hour, half an hour. Archibald would want to tell her all about the meeting—as they sat in front of the fire—she snuggled up in his big chair.

"Lovely blue marks on your soft white neck because you're good," muttered the man beast and with the words

(*Continued on page* 66)



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# EDITORIALS

## *A Highly Specialized Profession*

EDUCATION is a process, abnormally slow when applied to the mass, but inevitable. Witness the gradually dawning conviction in the United States that police work is a profession capable of the highest specialization. In Europe this lesson was learned many years ago, and there a good policeman, like a good engineer or a good lawyer, is drawn from one locality to serve in another as the needs arise. Here the situation has been of different practice. The matter of the public safety, professional in so far as the rank and file of the force was concerned, was generally turned over to a man from other walks of life, with the result that entire satisfaction was too frequently lacking.

Crime to a great extent is professional in its character. Mistaken men devote their lives to its study and accomplishment, and thus wage a warfare with the forces of law and order. As the poet Lowell put it: "The strife goes on forever 'twixt the darkness and the light." To combat this effort of the crime specialists there must necessarily be developed by processes of education and accumulation a group of men who equally specialize in their work. Illy paid for the magnitude of the responsibility and service that is theirs, they nevertheless spend their lives at it, and too frequently reap the thorns of abuse for their chief reward.

Some weeks ago in the City of Schenectady, N. Y., the forces of darkness culminated a riot of excess by murdering Acting Captain of Police Albert Youmans. This open challenge shocked the city awake. A rehabilitation of the police was instituted and a new head was sought. The first steps were those that frequently attend the processes of reform. The regular army was invited to loan a man or two, and gently the intimation came that the Army did not look on itself as a police school. Then came an inspiration. The Schenectady authorities took a leaf from the police book of New York and looked about for a professional with the qualities of experience and achievement. Captain William H. Funston of the New York Police Department was nominated for the job, and Mayor William W. Campbell of Schenectady arranged with Mayor Hylan to borrow the cousin of the late General Frederick Funston for three months. Captain Funston has now taken over his temporary job.

The moral pointed here is that police work for effect is dependent on exact knowledge. No one would engage a physician to build a great bridge, nor select a famous author to conduct an intricate legal battle. When in the course of human events a change of administration in New York police circles became necessary the man picked for the job was a man who had spent his life in police work. It so happened that his experience had been gained in New York, but it would have been all the same for the effectiveness of the work had he gained his training in London or New Orleans.

Occasionally such decisions of an inspirational character are reached in the United States. Memory calls to mind two others. One was when Mayor Hart of Wilkesbarre, Pa., took office and picked his police chief from another locality, selecting, as he pointed out, the best man of wide experience he could find, and another when the Los Angeles authorities took their police head from the neighboring town of Berkeley.

Police practice can seldom be handled by amateurs. It requires a high order of mind to carry through successfully. Knowledge of human nature, marked executive ability, personal qualities of leadership that invite and maintain confidence, more than a modicum of many professions, an alert mental equipment, and no small quantity of ordinary human sympathy go to make the ideal policeman. It is no more possible to be a good and efficient policeman of any grade, from patrolman to Commissioner, through desire alone than the growth of a chin whisker and the wearing of cowhide boots produces a farmer.

Captain Funston's work is to reorganize the Schenectady Police Department, stimulate it to efficiency, and reestablish its *esprit de corps*. For this he has twenty odd years of experience, an active and well-stored mind, and exact knowledge that is a part of his valuable stock in trade. He understands criminal psychology and the workings of the criminal mind. His personal knowledge of criminals is most extensive and it is these qualities and resources that are so vital in the modern policeman. Police work is coming to be recognized as the important profession it is.

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## *Radio and the Criminal*

A FEW nights since a contributor to these pages sat before a radio set in New York and tuned the instrument to the broadcasting station maintained by the Detroit Police Department. Incidentally, in assigning the call letters for this station the Department of Commerce automatically announced its possession of a modest humorist. The call letters were announced to be KOP, a decision not without its fitness.

An orchestral selection was in progress on this particular occasion. The strains came through the ether with faithful quality and volume. Suddenly they ceased and a well-poised baritone voice announced that the concert had been interrupted because of a police emergency. A murder had been committed thirty minutes previously in the city of Windsor, just across the river. In a saloon two men had been shot by a third who was seen to escape in a boat upon the Detroit River. Presumably he had headed for the American shore.

Then followed as accurate a description of the murderer as could be given orally. All police officers were warned to be on the lookout, and all citizens were urged to watch for the fugitive and notify police officials should he be seen.

Possibly one of the most difficult of numerating tasks is to determine the number of radio receiving sets within a given area. The effective, regular range of a broadcasting station is an $x$ quantity, for it depends on etheric conditions, power of the station, condition and "reaching ability" of the receiving sets, skill of the individual listener, etc. One big eastern station made a careful survey and found within a circle of one hundred miles no less than 468,000 radio receiving sets. The survey also showed



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an average of 4.3 listeners to each set, thus providing an audience in excess of *one and one-half million* persons.

A year or so ago the infant son of a well-known electrical engineer, who had contributed important improvements to the radio art, was kidnapped from a city in New York State. Night after night for five nights the big radio station of the General Electric Company broadcasted a description of the child and a meagre description of two men who had been seen near him prior to his disappearance. On the morning of the sixth day a woman living on the shore of Lake Geneva who had heard the description, telephoned the authorities. She had seen two men with a child, all answering the description, rowing to a small island. Investigation followed and the kidnappers were apprehended, the child being restored to his parents.

These things are incidents, straws perhaps, indicating the direction of a law-abiding wind. Fingerprints are transmissable by wire and by radio. Scotland Yard can supply such a print and have a New York identification back in a few hours. With television only a short distance away what tremendous weapons are being placed in the hands of the police! How inexorably science moves forward to counteract the operations of the lawless.

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## *The Glorification of the Gat*

To inveigh against the motion picture with the idea of suppressing it would be as senseless as to crusade against the sunrise or the seasons. Phases of it may be lampooned. The comic artist finds in its situations and language rich material for his comic strips, but it is the irresistible appeal of the movies that helps to give punch and piquancy to his comedy.

Fighting the cinema puts one with the tailors who smashed the sewing machine, the cotton-workers who wrecked the Arkright mill, the printers who threw out the linotype or the Ass in Bierce's fable who climbed the hill to kick his heels into the revealing Moon, "until he stood outlined upon the crest more conspicuously a jackass than ever before."

It is the universal arrival of the movies as an institution that has spared them suggestion of indictment in the altogether commendable police campaign against the gun. Two dissimilar employments of this firearm in moving picture production may be criticised or condemned. It is, no doubt, necessary in re-telling the story of the great open spaces, where men are soon memories unless they shoot accurately and first, to glorify the gun. But the use of blank cartridges in the studios seems to have blinded the public and producer alike to the important fact that all that shooting could not take place in reality without producing a trail of death. The fusilades on the screen are fantastic. Bad men and marshalls in the open country are alike expert shots, and the barrage of fire and smoke surrounding them on the screen to sustain the excitement of the audience misrepresents the deadly rôle of the weapons they explode. The gun, an instrument of certain and sudden death in capable hands, is a casual and almost impotent stage property until, glorified in the grip of the hero, it brings the villian down. *He* is doomed, even though he gets a drop on the leading man.

Similarly bizarre, but also tending to divert attention from the effective character of the gun (whether the hero or villian shoots) are the movie scenes in which the comedian rises and hurries off, holding his wounded parts, after being duly shot in the back. In actual life, the clown would not escape.

More serious are parlor and apartment dramas, in which the gun is used. The indictment is not that such tragedies are untrue to life. It is their faultless reproduction and glorification of false and fatal social standards that make them an evil influence. Great artists do not need a gun to produce a thrill. An Edwin Booth, a Caruso, a Geraldine Farrar do not come to the climax with a gat. None-the-less, the gun is forced into the hands of celebrities. In a current film three women of national fame play important parts. In the drawing-room climax, one shoots and kills her son-in-law. She justifies the deed, having driven the daughter to his unworthy arms; and she is duly acquitted, to the popular murmurs of the audience. The actress was far too talented to rely for effect upon the gun and its glorification.

There is something wrong with such a picture. While 750,000 police of the United States are patrolling their beats to check, if possible, the 10,000 homicides that annually stain America, the movies are daily and nightly showing to 10,000,000 attendants the facile and heroic use of the easily bought gun.

One thing may be said on the side of this parlor shooting: the victim usually is carried out. He does not leap to a saddle to ride to refuge or victory or get up grimacing, as if he had simply slipped on the ice. The movies might well tell in equally stirring situations the tragic use of the gun in the hands of the law. A judge in a N. Y. Court the other day learning that five thugs had attacked a policeman, complimented him for bringing four to court, and asked what had become of the fifth. "We buried him yesterday," was the reply. There is enough actual glory in the use of the gun without its counterfeit glorification on the screen.

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## *A National Criminal Bureau*

SPEAKING of the forthcoming International Police Conference, which meets in New York next May, Commissioner Richard E. Enright said at a dinner given in his honor a few days ago: "This will be the largest gathering of police chiefs ever held. They will come from all parts of the world. We are learning a great deal from one another. We have made many improvements as a result of these conferences, and we are going to get what you might call a perfect, efficient, composite police department in every center of civilization. In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Rome, they have a central system of criminal records. We have no such thing here. At Police Headquarters in New York we have more than 500,000 records and fingerprints, but that is less than one-tenth of the number of criminals in the country. There should be a central headquarters. It should be established at Washington under the national Government."

It is obvious to all thinking people that what Commissioner Enright proposes is a practical and much-needed establishment for keeping track of all law-breakers within our national boundaries. The idea is a big one, a vital one and it will have to be realized, brought into physical being before any considerable and effective house-cleaning can be achieved throughout our country.

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*A street junction at Ossining, N. Y. under insufficient lighting conditions which placed a premium on accidents and crime. Policemen on traffic duty were frequently injured at this point.*

# Artificial Light as a Policeman

## *A Survey Which Proves that the Better Illumination of City Streets Decreases the Number of Crimes*

### *By* Campbell MacCulloch

DARKNESS is indissolubly associated with crime. So completely is this recognized that the daily newspapers make a sharp differentiation in news value between an ordinary night banditry and what they often term a "daylight hold-up." To the first is accorded usually but a paragraph or so on an inside page, but to the bold criminal who stages his effort on the busy street at noon first page attention is not infrequently paid.

Back in those remote days when the sputtering arc-light was comparatively a new comer to the streets of any municipality a famous mayor of Chicago, Carter Harrison the elder, undertook to drive through his City Council a measure calling for more thorough lighting of the city. He was particularly concerned with the alleys. Since the great fire Chicago was laid out with alleys between the blocks, and these alleys were veritable incubators of crime; dark, festering sores in the body politic. Mayor Harrison wanted an arc-lamp placed at the junction of each alley and cross street with the idea of illuminating the muddy lanes. In urging these needs he said:

"We must bear in mind that one arc-light is equal to ten policemen in raising the standard of safety in our city."

Perhaps he placed the ratio too high. More conservative estimates would place the effective street lamp in the outlying district as being equal to one patrolman. The fact remains, however, that the well-lighted city is the one that reveals less crime than the poorly-lighted one where similar conditions prevail. The policeman himself, he who walks the lonely streets after darkness has fallen on the city, is the best proponent the advocates of light can ever have. He is the man who knows, and incidentally the last one consulted.

The late war revealed tremendously the effectiveness of adequate street lighting. Many of our municipalities entered on an orgy of economies. "Food will



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*The same junction point as shown on opposite page after an adequate lighting system had been installed. Both crime and accidents fell off to a decided minimum as a result.*

win the war," said some one, and forthwith a campaign of retrenchment was in order. The fact that food wouldn't and didn't win the war, though naturally it helped, made little difference. Hysteria was abroad in the land.

Then some genius evolved another slogan. "Coal will win the war," he adumbrated, and as a result of this, among other cities, Chicago leaped to a drastic but sure economy. She began to cut off the street lighting to save the coal. It was a magnificent idea. Almost immediately the crime statistics began to climb. Within three days the newspapers observed a change. Thirty-two hold-ups occurred in the first two days. Within thirty-six hours the Mayor's motor-car was stolen. The number of burglaries, thefts, assaults and the like increased amazingly. A hurried revision of the order to discontinue street lighting went into effect. One Chicago newspaper headlined the revision thus:

## Street Lighting Turned Off To Save Coal—Turned On To Save Human Beings

Admittedly good street lighting increases the effectiveness of a police force. To begin with the psychological factor of a feeling of increased safety in well-lighted surroundings rests upon something more than merely a feeling. Darkness has always been associated with evil, and there is a distinct dread of the dark inherent in human beings, a feeling that cannot be psychoanalyzed out of the human consciousness, simply because it is as fundamental as the race itself. Practically darkness operates to nullify one of our most important senses. Fear of the night comes to us at birth.

Back in the ages when man battled with the beasts for his life, it was under cover of darkness that the beast stole upon the man. So in the town or city, or even in the rural districts, it is in darkness that the criminal makes his unwarned approach.

Good street lighting is a deterrant of crime. Of that there is no doubt. Recently a definite survey of the manner in which street illumination affects the crime curve was made in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. The survey was under the supervision of Ward Harrison, a well known illuminating engineer, and at his disposal were placed the records of the Cleveland Police Department. Up to this point the bald fact of a lessening of crime in well-lighted areas was admitted, but unproved with statistics. Here was a chance to get the statistics. Mr. Harrison reported:

"A high intensity lighting system consisting of lanterns equipped with 1,000 and 1,500 candlepower incandescent lamps, and spaced 85 feet apart on each side of the street was installed in the more important district of the business section of Cleveland. Although the possible reduction of crime as the result of a vastly improved degree of illumination was considered, it was a secondary consideration."

All police officials agree that dating from 1916 a steadily increasing tendency to crime was manifest. That this was due largely to passions loosed by the hatreds and moral twistings of the war itself will not be denied. The world is suffering still as a result of that ethical holocaust. The plain facts are that crime curves rose rapidly, and have not yet been checked.

(*Continued on page* 68)



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¶ *"You men need a few notches on your guns. Go get some. If you catch a bandit at work, kill him"*

# How I Am Trying to Clean Up "The City of Brotherly Love"

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

## *Brigadier-General* Smedley D. Butler

*Director of Public Safety, Philadelphia*

HE has a rather prominent nose, straight black hair, a cold, hard eye, a very, very definite manner, the nattiest of blue uniforms, a dozen or so medal ribbons, a highly developed sense of humor and the kind of manner that makes the men he works with want to do the things he wants done. Also he is the author of the following instruction to a lot of previously bedevilled policemen:

"You men need a few notches on your guns. Go get some. If you catch a bandit or a hold-up at work, kill him if you can. I'll protect you. Now go to it."

Incidentally he is an interesting and dramatic figure in police circles of the United States. There is a great city of two million or so that will have cause to remember him for many years to come. Some of its citizens will pray for him and some will full-throatedly curse him, and personally he won't care a single damn for the last and will be decently grateful for the first.

In case you haven't guessed, we are speaking of one Smedley D. Butler, Director of Public Safety of the City of Philadelphia, the man who made the statue of William Penn on top of the Municipal Building take off its twenty-eight foot hat and mop its fevered brow. One can even imagine the same statue muttering to itself about a month after Smedley D. Butler took hold and made his pronouncement about the bandits:

"And he a Quaker!"

When the new Mayor of Philadelphia looked over his city a couple of mornings after his election he realized that he had been elected on a more or less definite platform that had outlined, even if vaguely, some rather interesting promises about the enforcement of law and order. Justly or unjustly Philadelphia was regarded as about the loosest spot, generally speaking, along the Atlantic seaboard. Justly or unjustly Philadelphia's police were—were—well, one rough vaudeville jester remarked that it had become dangerous to blow a police whistle in Philadelphia because of the crowd of uniformed men who would rush up and inquire if a pint or a quart was wanted.

Anyway, Mayor-elect Kendrick gave thoughtful consideration to the public weal and casually inquired of President Coolidge if he could just borrow Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marine Corps for about a year, and President Coolidge, doubtless having heard something about Brother Penn's village, said he could, and might the Almighty have mercy on somebody in that village because from what he had heard of Smedley D. Butler, that leathernecked marine wouldn't. And that was how Philadelphia got jolted from its traditional somnolence about January of 1924. There may have been more stormy petrels than General Butler in a police job, but if so they don't come to mind.

In his big square office in the Philadelphia City Hall, about two weeks before Christmas, we sat and talked. The meeting was by definite appointment. Approaching the door of his office I encountered a blue-clad figure with a "brass hat." It required no second sight to know that this was Butler of the Marines. The appointment was mentioned. He said "Hello!" and we went inside.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Let's talk about your job," I suggested.

"All right. Shoot!" he said and lighted a cigarette.

There were five men in the room. General Butler's desk was in the middle of it. A keen-looking person with an air of semi-proprietorship sat near it. More of him later. Other men came and went.

"You are reported to have told your men to shoot bandits if caught at work. Did you?" was the first question.

"I certainly did," he replied. "Hold-ups and outright banditry was going on all over the city. There's only one way to deal with that sort of thing. Lily-fingered stuff won't do. Crash into them, shooting. There's one thing a crook doesn't understand. That's another man with a gun and a disposition to use it. He doesn't like it and it scares him. Philadelphia police had guns, of course, but they seemed hard to get at. I put those guns on the outside of the uniform where they could be reached, *pronto*. Then we found out that most of the poor marksmen in Pennsylvania had managed to get on the police force. We corrected that by teaching the men to shoot, and having taught them to shoot we invited them to practice on the crooks. That order and that instruction had results. It cut down the hold-ups about fifty percent in a mighty short while."

Out in the *patio* of the City Hall there is a Marine Corps recruiting tent. I mentioned it and General Butler grinned a thin-lipped grin.

"They'll have that out of there ten minutes after I



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*"The lifted hand is a good sign, but it must have a piece of sound, reliable hickory within easy reach if it is to gain respect. The criminal is mentally defective. So is a mad dog. I don't say he can't be cured. But when he's on the rampage we can't read him homilies."*

walk out of this job," he said through his smoke.

"The powers that be don't like you?" I inquired.

He looked up swiftly under his brows.

"Well, they're not likely to put a light in the window for me," he commented. "The political group whose pet businesses have been interfered with will bear with fortitude my departure when I get through."

"How about the policemen?"

"Fifty-fifty," he replied. "Half of them back me to the hilt. The other half are sitting on the fence waiting to see if anything happens. Most of them are good men, but they've had a rough deal always. Men with families and a job are inclined to nurse that job."

"Who is the man at your desk?"

He glanced around and then back again.

"He's a part of my bandit order set-up," was the answer. "The best criminal lawyer I could afford to hire in Philadelphia. He stays right here, ready for business. I told the men when I gave them the shoot-to-kill order that I'd protect them. Now they feel safe enough to take a chance. If they do shoot a crook my lawyer undertakes their defense and he does a real job. Now the policeman isn't afraid to shoot a criminal. He isn't afraid to manhandle him without gloves either."

"Do you think military training makes a good police chief?"

"I don't know anything about regular police work," he replied. "I'm a marine. My job is to do what I'm handed. That's marine training. Personally I think a man with military training ought to make a better policeman than a man without. I think I'm a straighter man because I've been living under naval regulations for twenty-six years than I would if I hadn't been so living. Those regulations are calculated to maintain discipline, and a man who has to live with them, of whatever rank, is mighty apt to come through with a stronger character, no matter what his inclinations might have been. That doesn't imply perfection, but you can't live according to rigid rules and not get the effect of them ground into your soul to some extent.

"Then there's the tradition of the corps. That counts. The tradition of the marines is worth living up to. The man who can't or won't doesn't last long. I speak of my corps because I know it best. The navy and the army have good, solid traditions, and they turn out real men. Men with disciplinary training have got a good foundation for police work. But politics in police work raise hell with keeping a city safe and decent."

"How much does moral suasion count in dealing with the criminal?"

"None. Not at all. Absolutely useless. Police work needs authority. Real, sound, basic authority that means swift, unremitting power. Anything else is temporizing with crime. The lifted hand is a good sign, but it must have a piece of sound, reliable hickory within easy reach if it is to gain respect."

"Some hold that crime is a disease?"

"What of it? So's insanity, but you don't send for the insane man and argue with him about it. You lock him up out of harm's way. That requires the power of the State, and the State exercises it for the protection of the rest. The criminal is mentally defective. So is a mad dog. I don't say he can't be cured. But when he's on the rampage we can't read him homilies. We have to act for the protection of the community. That's my theory about dealing with crooks. A fair proportion of crime is simply mischievousness

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gone too far. But if allowed to persist it becomes something worse. It has to be nipped by authority."

"To what extent does defective industrial training enter into the production of criminals? In other words do you believe that inability for self-support tends to turn the individual into a confirmed criminal?"

"Probably it has something to do with it. The corner loafer has not learned to work and earn a living. He has to have money. Therefore he steals it. Then he is a criminal. If you can catch him early, get the right ideas home to him, and straighten him out he may be made into a decent, useful citizen. But that job is outside of police work, I'm thinking."

"Do you think the small town develops wrongful tendencies to a greater or less extent than the city?"

"I was born in a small town, just about thirty miles outside of Philadelphia. I lived there until I was sixteen. Then I ran away and joined the marines. So I think I know the small town. And I know the city. The city is the nest of temptation. No doubt of it. The evil resorts that are on all sides place opportunities before the young that warp their characters. Close up the dives and you get rid of schools for vice and crime. Let a few men pander to those vices and base appetites, under the protection of the law, and you place a premium on crime. That's where the city does the cruel damage."

"Does decent amusement help to keep things straight?"

"If its decent, of course. No doubt of it. People have time on their hands. It must be occupied somehow. Give them a safety valve and a lot of the yellow foam blows off. Throw them back on their own resources and you get trouble."

This man Butler is an enthusiast; also he is a Marine. A man does not rise through the Marine Corps of the United States to a general officer's status without enthusiasm. And this man comes of Quaker stock. The gospel of peace is inborn in him, and he loves it so much that he'll fight to the last ditch for it. He's a human American without frills.

Years ago the writer did reportorial work on a Philadelphia newspaper. No man does that without learning something of the under-currents of a city's life. Philadelphia has under-currents, and many of them are unbeautiful. Its police system has been the plaything of certain political elements. That is no reflection on the force itself. It is the result of unfortunate conditions. It is violating no secret to say that Philadelphia's civic government has caused many outbursts. Memory serves of one historic occasion when a City Council was so careless of the citizen's rights that a large body of the said citizenry equipped itself with ropes and attended at the Council Chamber. That meeting rocked Quakerdom to its foundations, and certain Aldermen learned how distressing it is to be followed home by a hooting, jeering, malignant mob trying to nerve itself to hang one to a lamp post. A reform administration resulted.

General Butler has nearly—perhaps actually — precipitated another municipal revolution. Mayor Kendrick was elected on a partial reform basis. General Butler was inducted into office and things began to happen. Those who have accompanied the General on some of his spectacular personally conducted excursions into the unorthodox night life of Philadelphia are colorful in their descriptions. He had for months an entourage of reporters trailing his motorcar on its nightly rounds. Some vastly human accounts have appeared in the newspapers of Philadelphia. The General provided action, and the newspapermen turned that action into words. For example:

The General dropped in at a firehouse one evening—he is director of this branch of the public safety also. There all was quiet. The General smiled and played with the ears of the firestation dog. One o'clock was the hour, and then a collection of pistol shots, an assortment of screams, much clatter and banging a hundred yards down the street. The General hurtled out of the house and down the street followed by a personnel that included one aide, one driver, one lady novelist from Pittsburgh who was interviewing the General, one fire dog and two policemen. In the street was a bawling negro in glad raiment whose skin had been accurately slit with a keen knife and who had been chucked into the street.

By the time the echoes had died out the General and his following, which now included a few reporters, had dashed inside the house whence came the negro. Two patrol wagons arrived shortly and the occupants

(*Continued on page* 63)

## A Bit of Sound Philosophy

*By* Walt Mason

In a lifetime of newspaper work I have had much experience with the Police, and some of the best friends I ever knew wore the uniform.

Recalling the cops I have intimately known, they appear in my memory loaded with the good old Roman virtues, courage, loyalty, kindliness, and infinite patience.

Fine men they are, as a class, and we'd be neck deep in chaos without them; and I wish they received more evidence of appreciation than they do.

They do splendid work, and they'd do infinitely better work if we were all as liberal with praise when they succeed, as we are lavish with blame when they fail.

Walt Mason.

*La Jolla*
*California*

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*"You little worm", she sobbed. "You had me here to pump me about shopgirls for your rotten story, and then you sneer at my clothes. How do you think a girl who runs straight is going to get swell rags?"*

# The Second Visitor

*A Mystery Story in a London Setting Written by a Well-Known English Author*

*By*
Nancy Morrison

*Illustrated by*
T. J. Machamer

Stephen Petworth let the venetian blind down with a rattle as if to out-do the noise of the wind and rain outside. Then he crossed over to the tearful girl by the chimney-piece.

"Look here, Elsie," he said querulously, "it isn't my fault that it's come on to rain like this. Anyone might have known this morning that there'd be a regular downpour before night. That's why the chap in the flat below borrowed my only umbrella and mackintosh," he added.

"Well, it didn't rain before night," retorted Elsie Turner in aggrieved tones. "It was perfectly fine when I came here at half-past seven. Do you suppose I'd have come in my best clothes without an umbrella if it had looked like a deluge?"

Petworth straightened his eyeglasses and regarded his visitor with something like dismay.

"Are—are those your best clothes?" he stammered, his troubled gaze travelling from the



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*This Thing, this dreadful Thing, half lolling out of bed, with clenched, bony fingers, staring eyes and dropped jaw,—could this be Stephen Petworth?*

tawdry lace hat and muslin dress, down to the shoddy velvet shoes.

The girl's smouldering irritation blazed up into a sudden flame.

"You little worm," she sobbed. "You ask me here to dinner with you to pump me about shop-girls for your rotten old story, and then you sneer at my clothes. I've told you how much we get paid at the store. How do you think a girl who runs straight is going to get swell rags?"

A fit of coughing shook her.

Petworth dropped into a chair opposite her and began to tug at the sandy moustache which endeavoured, most unsuccessfully, to hide the weak mouth beneath.

Why had he been such a fool as to ask this carrotty-haired little flapper to dinner with him. From the first she had irritated him by her unasked for criticisms of his pictures. She had brazenly likened the angels in Francesca's "Nativity" to a Jazz Band. Then, in the course of conversation, if one could call her silly chatter by such a name, she had dubbed him an old maid and laughed at him because his glasses were always crooked. And now, to cap it all, she was abusing him and calling him a *worm* because it had come on to pelt with rain and her best clothes would be spoilt. He'd never entertained a girl in his rooms before and he'd be damned if he'd ever do it again. Extraordinary creatures, girls—brainless and illogical.

Elsie broke in abruptly upon his reflections.

"Well, what are you going to do?" she demanded.

Petworth fidgetted in his chair.

"It's no good trying to get a taxi on a night like this," he remarked in his hesitating way. "There's a subway station about ten minutes walk away, but you'd be soaked before you got there. The obvious thing to do is to wait till it clears up."

"But you don't understand!" exclaimed Elsie impatiently. "If I don't get back to the Hostel by ten, before the Porter goes away, there'll be an awful row. I've been late twice this month already, and the Housekeeper said that if it happened again I'd be thrown out. She says I must either spend the week-end with my people at Uxbridge, as I've got permission to do, or else come in at the proper time."

"Well, there's plenty of time to get to Uxbridge to-night," observed Petworth cheerfully.

"But it's no good going home this week-end," snapped Elsie. "Mother wrote to me last night telling me not to come as they've shut up the house and gone away till Monday."

"I'll tell you what, Elsie," Petworth said consolingly, "if your things get ruined I'll buy you some more. I am going to get something handsome for this novelette I'm writing."

"I suppose you'll pay my doctor's bill if I get sick, to say nothing of my funeral expenses," was the girl's sarcastic retort.

Then, suddenly, her tone changed.

"I'm just a bad-tempered cat," she cried, jumping to her feet. "I'm awfully sorry. I'll get out this minute. Don't you worry about my clothes or my health or anything."

As Petworth rose, the girl began to cough again. When the paroxysm was over and she took the handkerchief away from her lips, he saw with a shock that it was stained with blood.

That decided him.

"Look here, you can have my spare room," he said hurriedly. "It's all ready for my eldest brother, the Archdeacon one I told you about. He's coming up to preach at St. Paul's to-morrow evening and I said I'd put him up."

Elsie stared at him with round eyes.

"What would your housekeeper think if she found me here in the morning?" she exclaimed. "I couldn't possibly stay. Think of the way people would talk if it came out."

"Not a soul would know anything about it," Petworth replied. "My housekeeper doesn't come on Sundays, and no one in the block would see you leave."

Elsie said nothing but continued to gaze at him doubtfully.

"It's all right," went on Petworth. "There's a bolt on the inside of your door if you're nervous. The only thing I ask is that you don't leave hairpins lying



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about. I don't want to be involved in awkward explanations with my clerical brother."

Elsie walked over to the window and peered through the blind. The rain was coming down in torrents. The street was a river.

"All right!" she said, and wheeled round. "I'll stay. But you'll have to lend me a pair of your pajamas."

. . . . . .

The sun came streaming in at the window. Elsie stretched herself and yawned. Where was she? Oh, in that poor fish Petworth's flat, of course. She looked at the clock on the mantlepiece, and saw that it was nearly eight o'clock. Well, she'd better get up and see about breakfast. She began to dress. How quiet it was. Except for the sound of her own movements there was absolute silence in the apartment. Her host must still be asleep, she thought. It would be a surprise for him if she got breakfast ready before he was up.

Her toilet finished, she unbolted her door and went into the big living-room. Moving about very quietly, she found china and silver and soon had the cloth laid.

"I'd better call him before I put the kettle on," she said to herself, and crossing over to Petworth's door, she rapped lightly.

There was no reply.

She waited a minute and then knocked more loudly.

"Mr. Petworth," she called, and this time she pounded at the door with both fists.

"Perhaps he's gone out," she reflected. "I'll peep in and see if he's there."

Turning the handle gently she walked in.

Then she gave a sudden gasp of horror and shrank back against the wall. This Thing, this dreadful Thing, half lolling out of bed, with clenched bony fingers, staring eyes and dropped jaw—could this be Stephen Petworth?

It was terrible. While she had been peacefully sleeping a Second Visitor had forced his way into the apartment. Death, the guest who will take no rebuff, had come and gone, leaving behind him this ghastly wreckage of what was once a man.

Something that Petworth had once told her flashed through her brain. He was subject to occasional heart attacks, and the doctors had warned him that one of these would some day prove fatal. That was what must have happened.

She knew vaguely there were things one should do for the dead—little offices one should perform. But a feeling of terror overcame her. She must get out of the room, out of the apartment. That was the one thing to do. She dashed out of the room, closing the door behind her. Her hat was hanging up out in the hall. In a few minutes she was out of the apartment and half-way down the long flight of steps that led to the ground floor.

It was deadly quiet and she met nobody. In a few minutes she came into Oxford Street. Its deserted air frightened her a little. She had never been there at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning before. She walked and walked till she came to the first entrance to Hyde Park, and stood there irresolute for a moment. Her knees were shaking and she longed to go in and find a seat on which to rest. But she must not stop yet, she must get farther away. She turned in at the gates and walked across into Kensington Gardens. Presently she found an empty bench, and she sat there

*A hundred hearths are blazing-*

February nights are good nights for playing, for opening wide the door and asking your friends to come and dine, to linger around the open fire, to make merry with dance and song. Just the time to forget the long winter, and to play the host and hostess.

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motionless for what seemed to her numbed senses a century.

At last, worn out, she made her way back to the Hostel. To her relief, no one asked her any questions, but the day seemed to drag interminably. At tea-time one of her special friends brought in an evening paper and tossed it across to her.

Elsie took it with trembling hands. It was there in large type. "Archdeacon's Brother Found Dead Under Peculiar Conditions."

"Pass me the butter dearie," said her next-door neighbor, "and don't go to sleep over that newspaper."

Elsie gathered her scattered wits together sufficiently to attend to the girl's wants and then read on eagerly. There was apparently some suspicion of foul play. A bed in another room had been slept in and breakfast had been laid for two. The Police were hunting for the person who had occupied the other room; and they had a strong clue.

A fragment of talk drifted across the tea-table.

"I never get a decent book out of this rotten old library," the girl opposite was saying.

Elsie was suddenly seized by an awful feeling of sickness. The room seemed to spin around.

Her library book! How could she have forgotten it? She had left it in the bedroom of the apartment. That was the strong clue of course. It would be the easiest thing in the world to trace her by that.

There was the sound of a loud knock at the front door. Someone answered it, shut the door again, and came and spoke to the Housekeeper who was sitting at the head of the table.

"You must let them in," she heard the Housekeeper say. "You can't keep the Police out like that."

The knocking recommenced.

. . . . . .

She woke with a start. "Who's there?" she asked, tremulously.

"It's I," answered Petworth from the other side of the door. "I've been knocking for ages. It's away past eight o'clock and I'm waiting to take you out to breakfast."

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## France Will Prohibit the Free Sale of Pistols

Strict regulation of the sale and the keeping of fire-arms is provided for in a bill approved by the French Cabinet in Paris, a few days ago. The bill was drawn in consequence of the recent Communist agitation and frequent protests against the ease with which weapons could be obtained by criminals.

Under the bill vendors will be required to register and to sell arms only to such persons as obtain a permit from the French Government authorities.

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# The Millionth Chance

(*Continued from page* 13)

"I guess 'The Killer' can attend to his own business without you guys calling a session of Congress to look into his methods. He knows what he's doing. We've got no kick coming—we get the whole payroll, don't we?"

"Sure, we get th' dough," put in "Railroad Hank", a black-visaged man with a growth of stubby, graying beard. "But I don't like th' idea of 'The Killer' shootin' off his face in Chi. Supposin' he slips up an' th' dicks gets wise to th' lay?"

Ed Rawlins glared contemptuously at his questioner.

"The thing's a cinch!" he said. "How can the dicks get wise? If they do, what difference does it make to us? None! We're safe out here, more than a thousand miles away. 'The Killer' doesn't get in Chicago till late. The Overland was behind time." He looked at his watch. "He's just about there now. Reckon he'll soon be introducing himself to Judge Thurston. He sure has a sense of humor."

"I ain't carin' none about his sense o' humor," growled "Railroad Hank". "I mean, supposin' th' dicks pinches him, an' he squeals on us? Our goose is cooked."

"'The Killer' ain't the kind to squeal. He never turned a pal down yet."

"I don't trust him!" persisted "Railroad Hank".

"Aw shut up!" Ed Rawlins turned his back in disgust and began pacing the narrow cabin. It was evident that he was nervous. Death lurked in the air.

"Revenge is what 'The Killer' is after." he said presently. "He isn't concerned with the dough. Everything's set. Our get-away is a pipe! Up the gorge on the horses—then the trail through the sagebrush—leave the horses, and into Ike's waiting car—seven miles to the station and then for Chicago. The car with Rita Thurston and the payroll plunges to the rocks. It's sure, and instant death. And dough lying there to be picked up. Nobody's got anything on 'The Killer' for planning a job. He's a wizard, that bird."

The third member of the trio broke his silence.

"Dat ain't all," he interposed. "Back in Chiquita, 'Nifty Ned' is sure to horn in on de trip. Leave it to him, he's a wise gink, 'Nifty' is. De car oughta be along purty soon now. Reckin' it's 'bout time fer Mac to tip us off."

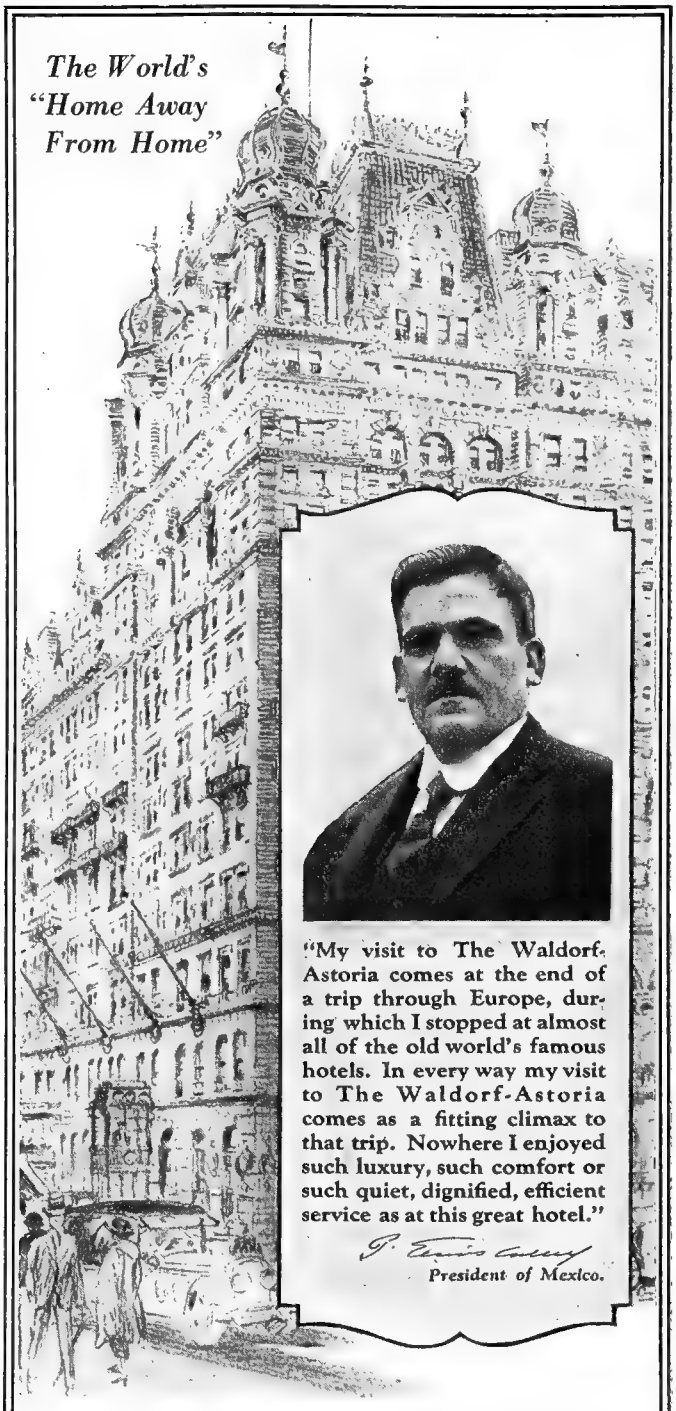
"It isn't quite time for Mac yet," said Ed Rawlins. "It's getting dark as hell outside and it's no picnic for him to follow the trail down here in the blackness. Anyway, he won't see the car until it passes the last turn off the road."

"Wish he'd hurry up!" growled "Railroad Hank," impatiently.

"Hurry up, nothing!" retorted Ed Rawlins. "That's what's wrong with you *rush* guys. Can't ever take your time on a job. Rush right into stir, too. If 'The Killer' was here, you wouldn't rush things, I'll tell the world."

They were interrupted in their argument by the appearance at the door of Mac.

"Everything's hunky, fellows," he announced. "The car passed the turn a few minutes ago, goin' fast. Too dark to recognize anybody, but I heard a girl's laugh. The car oughta hit the bridge in about five minutes. I near broke my damned neck a 'comin' down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the trail—it's that dark. I wish the show was over."

"Better light those other two lanterns," suggested Ed Rawlins. "After the bridge crashes, we'll need them to locate the dough. There's an axe and a crowbar over there in the corner. Get the axe Mac, and you, Hank, take the crowbar. Might want them out there———"

His speech was cut off by the piercing scream of a girl followed by a rending, tearing noise from above. The man ran to the door just in time to see in the dim light the shadowy mass of a big touring car crashing down through the network of rotten timbers, snapping them off like pipe stems. Over and over it turned, landing on the jagged rocks amid a shower of falling wreckage. The ominous noise reverberated throughout the narrow chasm, to echo and re-echo among the surrounding peaks. Then an eery silence.

"Quick! Light the lanterns," trembled Ed Rawlins. "We've got to work *fast* and get out of here, *pronto*."

The men ran to do his bidding bumping into each other in their nervous excitement.

"Hully gee! What a mess!" grunted "Railroad Hank" as he struggled with his crowbar in an attempt to pry up the remains of the overturned car. "There ain't nuthin' what ain't bent or broke. Reckin' them bodies underneath is smashed some. We sure done a good job all right."

"I've got the kale!" Ed Rawlins held up a black satchel in the light of his lantern. "Don't fool around that car anymore, Hank. Come on, and we'll divvy up and then beat it."

The three desperadoes hurried after him into the cabin where they were soon busily engaged in sorting the contents of the satchel into neat piles of bills and silver.

"I wonder if 'Nifty Ned' got out of the car in time?" remarked Ed Rawlins, looking up from his task of counting. "He should be here by now."

"Hope he went over wit de car," grunted "Railroad Hank." "It'll make our cut bigger." Suddenly he slammed his huge fist down on the table, causing the lanterns and coins to jump. "No, yuh don't, Ed!" he bellowed. "Dat's a *two case* note, not a *one*. Yuh ain't short changin' no hick, now."

In disgust Ed Rawlins rectified the mistake and proceeded with the dividing of the spoils.

. . . . . .

In the back seat of the car driven by Jim Williams, Rita Thurston, highly amused, listened to the New Yorker who had come with them from Chiquita. The conversation was practically one-sided, the salesman doing most of the talking, but pausing occasionally to allow the girl to slip in a word edgewise. Jim Williams in the front seat, as well as his son Henry, were interested listeners. Henry broke in on the talk behind.

"Rita, in a few minutes we'll cross the bridge over Death Gorge. Dad will stop the car on the bridge and we'll take a look at the scenery. The moon is coming up and we should be able to get a good view down the valley."

"Thanks, Henry," replied the girl excitedly. "I can hardly wait to reach it. I've heard so much about it from Uncle Jim——"

"As I was saying," interrupted the New Yorker, "it's the greatest invention of the age. The price is a knockout! I'll cut my commission just for you, Miss

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Thurston. Honest, I'm losing money on this here sale."

He paused expectantly, but Rita Thurston remained silent.

"You've got a sweetie, haven't you?" he asked, quickly. "All good-looking girls in New York have. Some of the janes on Broadway have three or four. Most of them have the front name of John, too. But those Manhattan frails are fast workers. Can't expect such speed from a Chicago girl."

"If by the term, 'sweetie', you refer to some young man in whom I am interested," smiled his listener. "I must admit that I have one."

"Great!" applauded the New Yorker. "I've got just the thing for a present for him. You know, socks and slippers are out of date now, and it don't look nice for a young girl to present a fellow with a piece of jewelry—isn't proper."

"Thanks, I'll remember that."

"Now," went on the salesman. "These portable radio sets are the cat's pajamas—I'll get the thing tuned in soon. Hard to see in the dark," he apologized. "What with the bumping of this 1492 model of a car, you can't lay the blame on the set. This one is a darby. Can pick up anything—anywhere. The only reason I can't get China on it, is because the Chinks have no radio station—you know, it isn't broadcasting anymore."

He stooped over the set on the floor and fumbled around in the dark, muttering to himself. Regaining his seat he cast a glance ahead of the car, then went about his work.

"There!" he announced triumphantly, slipping a head receiver over his ears. "She's all tuned. These things are like babies, you gotta hold them just right or they begin to squawk. I'll try and pick up New York."

He fiddled with the apparatus.

"Nothing doing," he stated, at length. "The guys in the big city are still in bed——it's too early for them to rise. You see, New Yorkers don't get up before eleven at night. That's when their day starts. Night owls all of 'em! They think electric bulbs are bottles of sunlight. Guess I'll try Schenectady."

After listening in awhile he shook his head disgustedly.

"It's too late for those farmers. They're all in bed by eight o'clock." He looked inquiringly at his fair passenger. "How about Chicago, the little village on the duck pond, shall I take a whack at it?"

Rita Thurston nodded good naturedly.

"The rubes there," rattled on the salesman, "don't know enough to go to bed. They're sitting up waiting for the latest news from the Western Front—the signing of the armistice hasn't reached them yet. They think the Civil War was a lawsuit and that Grant was a piece of land given away by the government."

They rode awhile in silence.

"Hello!" exclaimed the New Yorker suddenly. "I've got Chicago! Some fellow is telling a bed-time story. They ought to shoot those guys, keeping the kids awake." He adjusted the receiver tighter to his ears. "Nothing doing on that bunk!" he finally ejaculated. "That guy's getting away with murder. I bet he doesn't even blush lying like that to kids. Hello! Someone must have socked the bedtime liar on the bean—he's quit talking. Another guy is butting in."

He lifted the receiver from his ears.

"Get out of that broadcasting station, you nut," he

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snapped into the night air. "I'm trying to sell a radio set, and you're queering the sale." He again listened in. "He's still spouting. Good night! The darned thing's gone dead.——Did you move your foot, Miss Thurston, a wire's come off?" He looked out of the car nervously.

"Perhaps I did, and I'm sorry," replied Rita. "Do you mean to say someone is talking in Chicago and you can hear him away out here in the mountains of Wyoming—a thousand miles away?"

"I've found the trouble," grunted the New Yorker from the bottom of the car. "Sure, with this set you can hear 'em on the Milky Way."

"Moon's getting brighter, Rita," announced Jim Williams from the wheel. "We're on a pretty sharp incline and going fast, but when I hit the center of the bridge, I'll stop." He was unconscious of the grim humor of his statement. "Have you fixed it yet, Mr. ——Mr.———"

"Mr. Slatery, with only one 't,' is what I go by," was the prompt response. "Yes, I've got it fixed at last."

"Let me listen in, please?" requested Rita.

"It ain't tuned right," objected the New Yorker. "Better wait until we cross the gorge."

"No, now," insisted the girl. "I don't care about the tuning."

Shrugging, he passed the ear phones to her and she fitted them to her head.

"Lookout! There's the bridge ahead, Dad!" warned Henry Williams to his father who had glanced behind him, eyes off the road. "Remember, there's a bad bump just before getting to it."

"Give her gas, and we'll jump right over the gorge!" Slatery turned the catch of the rear door and looked out.

"Stop the car!" suddenly shrieked Rita in terrified tones. "Stop the car! Uncle Jim, for God's sake! *Stop the car!*"

Jim Williams threw on the brakes.

"Damn that brake band!" he exclaimed. "It won't hold. What's the matter, Rita?"

"Oh, stop it! *Stop it!*" cried the girl in agony.

The New Yorker opened the rear door and made a flying leap for the roadside, where he rolled over and over in the dark. Jim Williams jammed on the emergency.

"I can't stop it!" he cried, desperately. "The brakes, they won't hold."

"The bridge!" gasped Henry Williams.

The shadowy outline of the wooden structure loomed in front of them up out of the blackness of Death Gorge. Rita Thurston screamed in despair.

. . . . . .

At the bottom of the gorge, Ed Rawlins finished his counting and pushed a pile of money in front of each of his confederates.

"Stow the swag away and let's mooch," he said.

Hardly had he spoken when a dark form appeared suddenly in the door, simultaneously with a face in each of the two open windows. Three automatics covered the four men at the table.

"Hands up, you skunks!" came from the doorway.

Eight hands reached for the ceiling and four frightened faces turned to the door.

"Double crossed!" muttered "Railroad Hank", through blue lips.

"Keep 'em covered boys!" snapped the man on the

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threshold to those at the windows. If they make a false move let 'em have it." He jerked his gun forward at his prisoners. "All of you, back over there with your faces to the wall, and keep your hands up, too."

The desperadoes obeyed sullenly.

"Hop in, boys," commanded the man with the gun. "And tie 'em up with that rope over there. Work fast! There's the jack on the table, counted out and everything. We were just in time to spoil their getaway."

Soon the prisoners were securely tied and stood huddled in a corner, glaring malevolently at their captors.

"I knew 'The Killer' would frame us!" cursed "Railroad Hank." "I never liked his mug, damn him!"

"Aw, shut up your snivellin'!" Ed Rawlins strained at his bonds. Don't blab everything you know!"

"May I come in, Uncle Jim?" asked a feminine voice from the door.

"Yes, come in, Rita," answered Jim Williams. "You sure got all the adventure you were seeking."

"Looks like the Mills Hotel on a Saturday night!" Slatery strode into the cabin, smirking at the prisoners in the corner. Suddenly he grabbed a lantern. "My radio set!" he cried. "I bet it's busted to nothing, and I was just about to pull a sale, too."

"Never mind the set, Slatery," laughed Jim Williams. "I'll buy ten of them for the boys at the 'Double X'."

Slatery brought out his order book and handed it to the bank president, with a pencil.

"Just sign on the dotted line, Mr. Williams," he said. "My motto is, 'do it *now*'——sign 'em up while they're in the mood."

There in the candle light Jim Williams signed his name, a broad grin on his face.

"How in hell did you people get wise to that bridge?" blurted Ed Rawlins, curiosity mastering his fear. "The car crashed over and I heard a girl scream."

"Wouldn't you like to know?" retorted Slatery. That's our secret—guess you'll hear it at your trial, though. Anyway, Miss Thurston screamed just before the Christopher Columbus model of a car took the Annette Kellerman. The brakes wouldn't work, so we jumped it, and here we are."

"Fresh, ain't you?" growled Mac.

The New Yorker ignored the remark and stared disdainfully at the bound men in the corner.

"Got a fine line of rope neckties, boys," he said sarcastically. "You'll need some pretty soon."

"Aw, go to hell!" "Railroad Hank" spat disgustedly.

"What happened to 'Nifty Ned', the guy who tried to go along with you?" issued from Mac, curiously.

"Shut up!" commanded Ed Rawlins, quietly.

"So he was one of your men, too?" said Jim Williams. "Thanks for the information. This morning, he asked to go with us. He acted suspiciously, so I told the sheriff to watch him. We'll attend to him when we go back to Chiquita. Most likely he'll be waiting for us in the calaboose."

"I ain't a' goin' to get me neck stretched without company," suddenly growled "Railroad Hank". "I knows where 'The Killer' is hidin' in Chi, an' I'm goin' to squeal on th' dirty double-crosser."

Jim Williams looked up with interest and crossed to the speaker.

. . . . . .

The following day, in Chicago, Judge Thurston turned a radiant face from a telegram he had read and re-read

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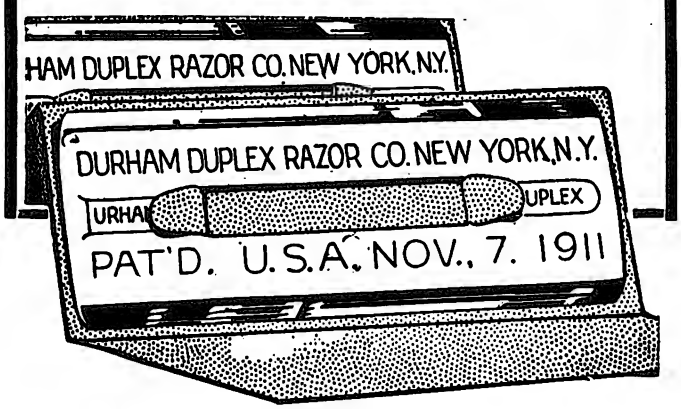


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a score of times. Robert Fleming smiled back at him, somewhat proudly, it must be admitted.

The telegram ran:

> *"Safe and sound. Am taking next train home. The West too strenuous, even for me. Tell Bob I love him. Uncle Jim telegraphing full details of our escape. Love to you, dad. Rita."*

"Bob, you're a wonder!" said the grateful father. "And I'm proud to have you for a son, my boy."

Robert Fleming flushed with pleasure.

"Thank you, Judge," he said modestly. "It was simply a miraculous coincidence that saved Rita."

"Tell it all again, Bob, I want to hear more details."

"After the masked man left, you fainted," began young Fleming. "I sat there and just stared at the clock, in a daze. I thought, with you, that Rita had met her death. Then it suddenly struck me that there was an hour's difference in time between Chicago and Chiquita. The man must have overlooked it in his planning. There remained less than an hour in which to save her. I rushed out into the street and hailed a taxi. In my desperation I intended going to the police. On the seat of the taxi, staring up at me, lay a radio magazine. The cover pictured an automobile equipped with a portable radio set. It was one chance in a million and I took that millionth chance. The station was only too glad to let me broadcast the warning. As Mr. William's telegraphed, Rita fortunately was listening in and recognized my voice. So, Judge, you could hardly call it wonderful on *my* part."

Sometime later, a servant bowed in the doorway.

"There are two gentlemen to see you, sir," he announced. "I beg pardon, sir. I mean *one* gentleman, and a detective."

A plainclothes man pushed "The Killer", safely handcuffed, into the room.

"I brought this bird in to see you, Judge Thurston," he said. "He's bound for the chair in Joliet. We got a phone call from a Mr. Williams in Wyoming putting us wise to his hangout. One of his pals, 'Railroad Hank', squealed on him. Headquarters told me to bring him here first. Said you'd be interested in meeting him again."

The judge advanced upon the manacled man, fist raised, then his arm fell to his side.

"Good day, Judge Thurston," said "The Killer" coolly, "I wish to congratulate you on your daughter's escape. It was nothing short of a miracle, or perhaps, it would be more truthful to say it was due to my stupidity. Three things I overlooked—the difference in time between Chicago and Chiquita, and the latest miracle of the age—radio; and also, that there is no honor among crooks. 'Railroad Hank', an esteemed co-worker of mine, so far forgot the ethics of his profession as to disclose my whereabouts. Otherwise, I assure you, sir, I would now he at large and gunning for you. When Miss Thurston returns to Chicago kindly tender her my felicitations."

He bowed low to the nonplussed judge and turned to the detective.

"Home, James," he said, mockingly. "I desire solitude."

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# Big Mike's Memory

(*Continued from page* 22)

"Some of them never been to Elberton. Live here the year around an' it's a fine life, too."

We smoked late and listened to the close harmony of the bull frogs. The night air was chill enough for a wood fire in the big grate which took up one side of Mike's little cabin. I had not forgotten to bring along something for chills, so the evening was altogether a merry one.

In the morning, Michael served me with a camp breakfast of flapjacks and bacon, with country butter and honey that came from a comb instead of a glass jar.

"I want ye to meet a neighbor," he said, presently, when we had scoured the pans. "He lives over yonder in a cabin. Raises his own truck an' lives the life o' Riley."

"I envy him," I said, as we struck out across the fields.

From a distance, we saw the lonely farmer in his doorway. He was a huge, hairy individual, with the tan of wind and sun burnt into his skin until it resembled fine leather. He had no welcoming smile for us.

"Good mornin'," Michael sung out.

The man nodded.

"Nice place you've got here," I offered, in a friendly way.

He shrugged. "Not so damn nice." It is impossible to put the accent that he used in type. It sounded strange and I was a little surprised.

"Where you come from?" The farmer spoke sullenly. Michael slowly thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. "Oh, we live down at Elberton."

The burly native's eyes gleamed instantly and he started, slightly to be sure, but perceptibly. I let my gaze follow his eyes to Michael's expansive chest. Just glinting beyond the edge of his coat lapel was the bronze shield of the Elberton police department.

"Stick 'em up, you ginny devil!" Michael's right hand moved faster than the eye could follow. The man in the doorway stood quite still. Slowly his hands went up.

"You don't look so much like Pietro used to." There was contempt in Michael's voice. "They'll shave you down at the pen, Pete. Come along."

* * *

On the train, sitting opposite Michael, who was handcuffed to the sullen giant from the hills, I gathered my story. Pietro had hidden away with friends in "Little Italy", until he saw his chance to get out of town.

"I never would have guessed he was Pietro," Michael spoke in a tone of surprise, "even yet, but for one thing."

He paused and waited.

"He's got a few sheep up there. Did you notice them?"

"Yes."

"Well, one day last week he butchered a couple o' lambs. And do you know how he did it?" I continued to wait. "Well, he stuck 'em in the throat with a big ice pick an' then he hit 'em in the head with a club. And I remembered Tommy Mancano and Rose. And the more I watched this ginny around the place th' more I began to believe he was Pete. And there you are."


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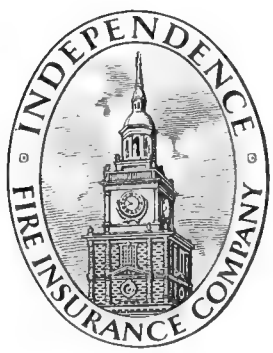



# The Criminal's Purgatory

(*Continued from page* 27)

sorts of skilled labor which are necessities common to all detective forces.

So much for the Central Office. The remaining half of the Roman detectives are distributed among the various districts, precincts or communes, in numbers which range from fifty down to eight, according to their different needs. These men handle all ordinary cases of a local character. If the case remains unsolved, or when it requires a particular line of expert knowledge, suitable members of the Central Office force are called in and take complete charge.

Detectives are occasionally appointed from civil life, where extraordinary apitude is shown, but usually are painstakingly selected from among the Uniformed Carabinieri. The highest rank attainable by them is that of Marshall. This grade, of the first, second and third classes, roughly corresponds to that of an army Sergeant-Major. Next below are Brigadiers and Vice-Brigadiers, duty sergeants, corporals and, finally, the privates.

The detective recruit, having been selected with reference to his natural apitude for this work, is then subjected to training of the most intensive sort. For two months most of his waking hours are spent in the amphitheatrical classrooms of the "Scuola di Polizia Scientifica"; in English, the School of Police Science, which is famed in police circles throughout the world. There he studies finger-prints, portrait parle (physiognomy and descriptive personal characteristics), anatomy, cross examination, court procedure, psychology, laws, motives of crime, methods of criminals, methods of breaking down their defenses, police records and reports. He retains, moreover, a very practical working knowledge of every one of those subjects. He has to!

If he finds these studies difficult, as he doubtless will, the newfledged detective has at least the consolation of knowing that his superior officers are by no means exempt from similar trials. In spite of the university degree which he must have to start with, or perhaps beacuse of it, he has four months of intensive training instead of two in a school of his own. His curriculum includes all the subjects listed above, with the addition of various legal studies and a course in executive administration. Every subject is dealt with in a manner much more thorough than is thought necessary for the Carabinieri. Having passed his examinations, he is eligible for appointment to the position of Vice-Commissario, his promotion to the higher grades following in due time as vacancies occur.

Connected with the Schools is the criminal laboratory, where every substance or object used as evidence may be microscopically and chemically measured or tested. In its equipment, its personnel and the far-reaching benefits of its work, we of the New York Police were convinced that it is second, if second to any, only to the similar institution in Paris after which it was modeled.

The Criminal Identification Bureau of Rome is the Central Bureau for all Italy; an arrangement most excellent in its effects. Here all finger-prints taken by the police are filed in accordance with a novel and original system installed by Prof. Gasti, its inventor.

In another branch of this Bureau the Photographic

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Division is to be found. Many novel methods, well worthy of imitation, can here be seen; a secret camera concealed in the wall, for example, so that when dealing with a suspect or an obstinate prisoner, pictures can readily be snapped without his knowledge. A pocket moving-picture camera has recently been introduced by means of which one can grind out fifteen feet of film of criminals, or of political agitators and the meetings over which they preside. In photograping criminals, two cameras are used, simultaneously taking front views and profiles. A special homicide camera is in use, designed to take front, side or overhead views as desired, thus furnishing many valuable court records.

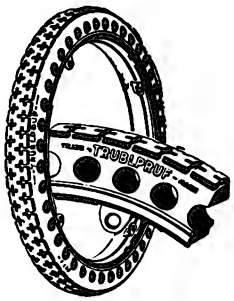
The staff of this bureau has twenty-two members, under the command of a Director. Professor S. Ottolenghi, known far and wide as a scientific criminologist, is the present incumbent of this office. Beside the Bureau of Criminal Identification, the Police Museum, Schools and Laboratory are in his charge, and he also, incidentally is a member of the faculty of the University of Rome. Not all of the administrative burdens are allowed to rest upon his aging shoulders, however, for he is ably assisted by Dr. Falco and Dr. Sorrentino, much younger men, who will continue the work so admirably systematized by their eminent chief when the latter finds himself no longer able actively to pursue the scientific labors to which he has devoted his life.

Adjoining the Criminal Identification Bureau is the Provincial Prison. As both the Prison and the Police Departments are directly controlled by the Minister of the Interior, there is a real co-operation between the two that is unknown to the American administration of justice. Our police lose all control of a prisoner after the original court arraignment. In Italy the police always have access to detained persons; and no person, moreover, is admitted to bail if charged with a serious offense. When a person is confined in an Italian prison only his counsel is permitted to speak to him, and then only after the police investigation has been completed. This has much to do with keeping crime at a minimum.

The most prevalent crime is that which would be expected; the crime made famous, or infamous, by cloak-muffled bravos centuries ago—stabbing. Yet even so, only about one hundred murders are reported in the course of a year. Practically none of these remains for any length of time as an unsolved mystery. Nearly all such crimes are committed by local characters, and owing to the amazingly complete Italian system of personal registration, identification is easy and to escape from the country, on the other hand, is about as difficult a proceeding as can be imagined.

Automobile thefts are fewer still, averaging only ten per annum. A full history of each Italian car from the time of its first purchase is given in the papers which are an essential part of each transfer of ownership, and false license plates are difficult or impossible to obtain. It is to these precautions, which in New York State are entirely lacking, that the small number of these thefts is chiefly due, but some measure of the credit should be given to the cause which goes so far toward curbing other crimes; namely the enormous difficulty that the criminal experiences in making his escape. This difficulty is the result of several contributing causes. One, and probably the principal one of these, is the system of registration mentioned before.

All foreigners must register with the police within

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# Light

*versus*

# Crime

STATISTICS, and there is no better authority, have proven that crime is more prevalent in the poorly lighted districts of the large American cities.

HOME, business and human life are endangered by inadequate lighting in any metropolis and city authorities recognize that fact.

A CITY official of one of the leading American cities is authority for the statement that the number of crimes committed in at least one district of his city during the past year was reduced one-half by the addition of more lighting facilities.

PARTICULARLY are the police cognizant of the great assistance rendered them by better lighting.

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twenty-four hours of their arrival; and with this regulation all proprietors of hotels and lodging-houses are required to co-operate. As a result, strangers are continually under surveillance. Moreover, as the registration is always carefully checked by comparison with the "wanted" files, many fugitives from justice are apprehended immediately, and few crimes are committed by "outsiders".

The native Italians in general are registered in accordance with a system very much like that in use in France, but track is kept of the criminals with a complete thoroughness unequalled by any other nation on earth.

For every criminal a sixteen-page folder, the size of legal cap, is prepared. In this is entered the criminal's name and aliases, date and place of birth, records of birth and marriage, full history of parents, immediate relative, offspring and ancestry, wife's full history, all ascertainable residences, present and past, all employers, physical peculiarities, mental condition, haunts, associates, criminal history, correspondents, diseases, injuries and former illnesses, finger-prints, reputation, police observations and numerous other items. Nothing is left to the imagination, nothing to guess work, and long after his release from prison, the criminal's life continues to remain under rigid supervision.

Another very potent bar to the criminal's escape is the telegraph system which, for police purposes, is practically perfect. Every wire in the kingdom is under State control and therefore instantly available for governmental use. Every police station in Italy is equipped with a telegraph instrument of the ticker type, which prints the information it receives in plain letters, thus making permanent record of alarms or other messages which can be sent simultaneously to all stations. More than this, the same instruments can be used if necessary to receive broadcasted portraits —and very good portraits at that.

This portrait broadcasting is accomplished by means of an ingenious system invented by Professor Umberto Ellero, Inspector-General of the Department of the Interior. All that the telegraph is called up to transmit are a series of numerals. In order to operate this system two charts are necessary. The first chart consists merely of six numbered squares, shaded progressively from white to dead black. The second chart also consists of numbered squares, sixty-five of them in this case, each square containing a different pattern of shading.

The paper used in sending and receiving these portraits is ruled in four-millimeter squares, which are to be filled in according to the numbers that are telegraphed. These numbers are sent in groups of four digits. The first two digits serve to identify some desired square of the pattern-chart. The third digit tells the number of four-millimeter spaces upon which this selected pattern of shading is to be used, and the fourth, referring to the first mentioned of the two charts, signify the degree of shading.

There are other rules that are applied to the transmission of difficult photographs, but the essentials are as given above. Professor Ellero claims that recruits become proficient in this system after four hours of theoretical teaching and thirty hours of practice. Its greatest advantage lies in the fact that it is used without requiring specialized telegraph instruments.

It has also its disadvantages, of course. Approximate-

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ly two thousand numerals are required to transmit a photograph. To prepare, send, receive and finally to reproduce the photograph by their means takes time and, if commercial telegraph lines are used, considerable money as well. As to speed, accuracy and economy the Italian system will doubtless be overshadowed by the invention recently acquired by the New York Telegraph and Telephone Company, by means of which actual photographs are transmitted. Nevertheless, the Ellero system has its uses, and long will continue to have.

There is also a Police Bulletin, printed and delivered daily to all stations. It contains alarms, lists of wanted persons, warrants issued, sentences passed, lost, found or stolen property and other information calculated to assist the police in the performance of their duties.

All the foregoing institutions unite in making the Italian criminal's life an unhappy one, but by far the most potent means to this end are the national scope of the police and the Central Bureau system. These render it practically impossible for the migratory criminal to operate. All his movements are known. He can be apprehended at any moment. So he becomes discouraged—and emigrates to the United States.

In the end we had tramped the famous seven hills upon which Rome is built until they seemed to have not less than seven thousand slopes apiece. We had tried to become on off-handedly familiar terms with the twenty-four hour clock-dial, and to suit our American notions of what a working day should be to the local luncheon hours, which extend from twelve to three, or from twelve to fifteen o'clock, just as one prefers. We had taken full advantage of the opportunities for inspection afforded us, and came to the inevitable conclusion that no police force in the world is better suited to the needs of the nation which it serves than that of Italy.

We found that Roman barber shops are always closed on Monday. Fortunately we made this discovery in time, so that when we put on our very best uniforms and were given an audience with Pius XI, the 266th Pope, we were not obliged to shave ourselves as the sole alternative of appearing before His Holiness with stubble-covered faces.

As our short sojourn in Italy drew toward its end, Signor Zocoletti, Prefect of Rome, together with Quæstori Bertini and Molossi (the latter, by the way, was in New York in attendance upon the last International Police Conference) entertained our delegation at luncheon. The restaurant stood on a hill, and our table was placed on a balcony. Earlier in the day we had been taken past a certain fountain into which we each tossed a coin, for there is a superstition to the effect that whoever does so will surely return to Rome. And now, as we looked out over the grand old city, spread like a beautiful panorama below us, we fervently hoped that this superstition might come true.

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# The Chinese Policeman

(*Continued from page* 34)

Opium smokers, gamblers, drunkards, "squeezers" and every kind of licentious character must be "spotted" and immediately discharged; and, of course, every brave deed must be rewarded. The head of the force must keep the reins firmly in his hands and be informed not only as to the discipline among his men but also the physical, mental and moral qualities of each member.

I used to divide my men into three classes: first those who were by nature trustworthy, second those who were by nature bad characters, these two comprising the minority, while the majority composing the third class were neither good nor bad, and the product of its environment and education.

The chief task of the police commissioner is to expel immediately the bad men and promote the good ones, those who will become the support, the firm skeleton of the whole force. A well-trained, well-spirited set of native officers—sergeants and inspectors—picked men of especially high moral qualities, is the best instrument for an intelligent leader in keeping his force in hand, to raise in it a sound *"Esprit de corps"* and make the whole machine work smoothly, efficiently.

Finally, a comment about detectives. Among the educated people in the Far East you will find not a few men who are born diplomats; among the lower classes you may easily discover men who are born detectives; men with a natural instinct for the job. It seems of no value to enumerate here all the particular qualifications which a detective needs for success. It may merely be said that among the members of any Chinese police force there is no lack of these men; men mentally qualified for the task. But mental qualities and moral qualities do not always go together. An active and skilled member of the uniformed force may be a sufficiently trustworthy policemen under permanent control. He may, however, fail utterly as a detective placed in a relatively independent position.

Therefore, in a Chinese police force, only periodical assignments are useful. The detective must be made aware that at the end of his turn, or if necessary at any time he may be ordered from his post, only his absolute personal integrity can assure him a detetive's assignment.

One says that a conspicuous characteristic of the average Chinaman is his selfishness. I venture no opinion on this question. To my mind egotism is a natural inheritance of all human beings and it is more or less the chief motive of most of our acts. To eradicate this human weakness is impossible but it is possible to direct this common instinct into channels of public usefulness.

Every policeman, not alone the detective, ought to know that he does better if he deals with his fellowman honestly and that his advantage in the long run lies in fair play rather than in wrong doing. To convince him that this maxim is the best way toward success is the simple secret which should induce even the supremely selfish man to guard himself. How says Confucius? "Who restrains himself goes seldom wrong."


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Our caps are custom-made, hand-finished, of guaranteed indigo dye serge and cloth, London shrunk, water-proof, with non-breakable visor, hand-felled leather sweat with a grease proof tip—bamboo frame, hair-cloth stayed top quarter, and thoroughly stayed in front. This cap will not break in front —sewed with pure dyed silk *and very light in weight.*

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# Cleaning Up "The City of Brotherly Love"

(*Continued from page 44*)

of the house began to learn that it was no longer considered a safe evening's amusement to puncture the hide of colored sportsmen and throw them out.

And always immediately after a raid a long string of political gentlemen with angry vociferations began to filter into the City Hall. Some called on the General. Others called heatedly on Mayor Kendrick. Still others sought certain State leaders. The General smoked some cigarettes, smiled, went into court himself and obtained a few convictions. It all happened so swiftly and so completely that it was entirely shocking. And that sort of thing has bothered those who direct the under-currents of the city. The General, too completely for their comfort, exemplifies the marine corps motto which contains the word UBIQUI. He is too much, too frequently, and too emphatically at the place where things are happening. Luck. Also a marine trait, you will understand.

The liquor traffic came in for its share of comment. The general's personal views on liquor did not appear. His official views did.

"The prohibition law has introduced complications into police work," he said. "For that matter it has introduced complications into every kind of work. Any police official knows that the prohibition laws have tremendously reduced certain types of crime that the open saloon and easily obtained rum augmented, and tremendously increased other difficulties.

"I've gone over the records of this Department carefully. I find that our arrests for drunkenness have been cut in half. That means more than it seems, too. Now we pick up everyone discovered to be incapable of taking full care of himself. Before, unless these people openly contravened the law, or became a menace to public safety, or decency, they were allowed to go their way. The policeman winked and let them be. Probably not more than thirty percent of such people in bygone years were taken up. Now we get them all, or nearly all, and there are half as many. We don't try to penalize them, but take care of them for their own welfare. Not all of them reach the courts. In former years I'm told that a very large percentage of crimes classed as robberies from the person, or hold-ups were 'drunk rollings'. Largely those are gone."

Around Philadelphia's City Hall are to be found policemen. All wear black Sam Browne belts with a good gun in a handy holster; so handy that there can be no excuse for wasting more than a fraction of a second in getting it. One large, blonde patrolman stood with his hands clasped before him at Market and Juniper streets. One question opened conversation. Others followed to keep it going. Then the General's name was introduced, oh, very casually. The big policeman looked quizzically at the questioner.

"How about him?" was asked.

The officer cocked an eye north along Juniper street, then west at the City Hall, then east behind him.

"It's a grand feelin' to have a boss with guts," he observed somewhat cryptically. "An' a lot of cops 'll praise th' saints if he's allowed to stay on. Others 'll feel different."


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Later, in the General's office, that comment produced the direct question:

"Are you to stay on?"

"If the President extends my leave," was the swift reply. "If he does we'll show this town something in the way of a house-cleaning it will be able to recall without memory strain. Fifteen hundred or so policemen are waiting to find that out. Maybe they will before morning. If I stay on, those men will pretty generally throw in with me. Then you may expect to see the exits from Philadelphia reasonably well crowded with some originals of well-known gallery portraits."

Now the facts happened to be that Mayor Kendrick had applied to President Coolidge for an extension of General Butler's leave of absence, and about the time that we were discussing this extension the President was deciding in the affirmative. That very afternoon he wrote to Mayor Kendrick granting an extension of one year. But it was not alone from Mayor Kendrick that the appeals went forth. Governor Pinchot made it a matter of personal persuasion, and the business men's associations of Philadelphia spoke their pieces in no uncertain terms. But the appeal was by no means unanimous. General Butler said:

"The crooked politicians and some of the financial interests are together in trying to force the Mayor to drop me out. I have hurt their businesses, and I hope to hurt them some more. They can't stand for that. Those people helped to elect the Mayor, and he has to listen to what they say. The thing they have not appreciated yet is that while he may have to listen, he can do as he pleases."

And Mayor Kendrick did, but don't let us get the idea that all has been peace and harmony. It has not. Mayor Kendrick clashed with his Director of Public Safety, and the clamor arose on the quiet Philadelphia air like the output from a boilershop. It seemed to be a very grave question as to whether Philadelphia might not have a new Director very shortly. Probably the matter was entirely personal and may have had nothing whatever of political expediency about it. But the clamor aroused the citizenry. And of a morning they rose up and expressed themselves. Their sentiments so expressed were very audible and definite. They were audible over a very considerable territory and Mayor Kendrick heard them quite easily. There were meetings. One was so warm that the tar roof of the Academy of Music grew soft and bubbled. President Coolidge at first heard echoes of the meetings, and then his mailbags began to get clogged up with comments from Philadelphia. It seemed that the rank and file of Philadelphia's inhabitants wanted General Butler to stay on and finish his job. They had a yearning to sleep safely at night and to stroll safely by day. They pointed out that his abrupt marine methods had produced most beneficial results. There had been no banditry whatever in six months, and very few burglaries, those occupations having come to be classed as extra-hazardous. Here is what two of the commercial organizations said to the President:

"Please don't leave us to the mercy of such types of wolves as the Esau's birthright politicians, criminals and czars of the underworld by recalling our faithful and fearless leader, General Smedley D. Butler," was the wording of a portion of a telegram sent by the Walnut

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Street Business Men's Association on December 5 last.

"We now have, through your kind offices, a real general on whom we have staked our all," the telegram continues, "and we stand shoulder to shoulder with him in the cause for just common decency of living."

A communication, written by Elwood B. Chapman, president of the Chestnut Street Association, called President Coolidge's attention to the record made by General Butler.

"In the brief time General Butler has been here," Mr. Chapman's letter read, "the change in the conditions as regards safety has been incredible. A year ago banditry was at its height, but within the last few months there has not been a window breaking, bank robbery, payroll robbery or other serious crime on Philadelphia's leading thoroughfares. An insurance company reports the saving of more than $100,000 through lessened number of stolen automobiles."

And now the great question is settled. Smedley D. Butler stays on his job. Newswriters, moving picture cameramen, and special reporters are likely to find their working hours extended and filled with colorful excitement. Three railroads will doubtless mark an increase in transportation sales *from* Philadelphia, and sister cities of the United States may have a mark of moral rehabilitation to shoot at. If Philadelphia gets nothing else permanent out of it, for many years she will be able to recall that she had some very positive action plentifully supplied by a marine general also plentifully supplied with "guts."

# Taming the Terror

(*Continued from page* 19)

dirty bum. Pass him the dope bottle. Put him away."

Only Bill Boylan was silent and also he was profoundly puzzled. For the moment he forgot that Jimmy —his boy—was the white, youthful figure before this olive-skinned, onrushing demon. He was once more Detective Sergeant William T. Boylan.

"O'Toole?" he asked himself and then shook his head.

His back to the ropes Jimmy traded punches with the dynamic Terror before him but he was forced gradually to give ground until they fell into a clinch in the corner directly over where Bill was sitting.

Bill fumbled into his pocket and drew forth a sheaf of papers. He glanced at one and then peered into the face of O'Toole, grimly changed by the nasal metamorphosis.

"Five foot five, hundred and thirty pounds . . ." muttered Bill, "black hair, brown eyes, and a horse-shoe . . ." He gazed intently at O'Toole's left arm that Jimmy had pinned beneath his own and his eyes bulged. On it was a neatly tatooed horse-shoe with the inscription "Good-Luck."

"It's good luck you'll need, me lad," thought Bill.

The referee separated the men in the ring and O'Toole stepped back poised for a finishing blow. The din of human voices was deafening, but Bill Boylan's basso equalled the occasion. One word boomed above the rest; a strange sound in the bedlam.

"Amato . . . Amato!"

O'Toole's glance shifted to the direction of the voice and his eyes met those of Detective Bill. They also saw a shiny brass police shield Bill held in his hand. The

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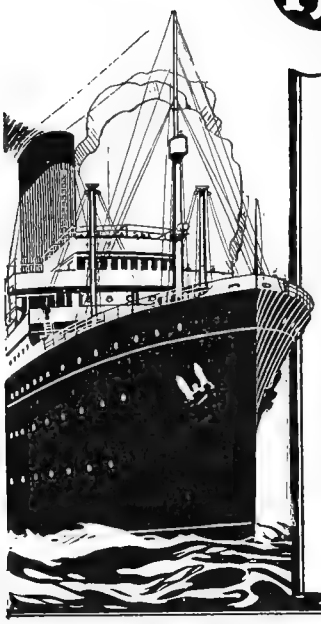

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Terror's guard dropped. It was only a fraction of a second, but it was long enough. Jimmy summoned all his strength and swung his right fist from his knees. The blow went true. There was a sound like a rifle shot as his glove met the chin of the Texas Terror. O'Toole crumpled to the floor and lay motionless while the referee counted off the ominous ten. Five thousand raving maniacs howled their tribute to a new featherweight champion.

. . . . . .

The next day the police blotter of the 3rd Precinct Station told the story tersely, but completely:

"Guiseppi Amato, 23, white, arrested by Boylan; charge grand larceny and attempted manslaughter; Cell C-3."

"I never thought we'd clear up that Burton robbery case," said Captain Ed. Devery.

"Told you we'd bring back the whole damn pig, didn't I?" Bill Boylan remarked laconically.

---

# Her Moment of Horror

(*Continued from page* 37)

came a warm animal breath upon her chalk-white face.

She gave a hysterical jump and the needle in the machine snapped off.

"Now you are through," he cried and charged upon her.

She eluded his grasp and sprang behind the sofa. Just half an hour more. Oh, it couldn't happen. Archibald worshipped her. And Baby Ruth—— Life was so sweet, so sweet.

A great, dirty paw gripped her shoulder, drew her close. Oh, those ropelike fingers twining about her throat—sinking deeper, deeper. The gorilla face above her glowed hotly. "You're good. Lovely blue marks on your soft white neck," the madman whined.

There was no use to struggle any more. She closed her eyes and waited—waited. It couldn't take very long. Archibald—in front of the fire—alone. She grew dizzy—would have swayed except for the strong grip. So death was like this, like this.

Gr—gr—grang! It was the doorbell jangling raucously. As if they'd been subjected to an electric shock the fingers relaxed their hold, fell away.

"My husband!" With amazing ease Polly pushed the great creature aside and reeled toward the door.

The senior warden of the church stood outside. "I just dropped in to tell Mr. Sims that Otis can't come to the meeting so we'll have to postpone it until next week."

Polly clutched the door for support and made an incoherent effort to convey to the timely visitor the awful situation.

"That simple-minded fellow? Why, he'd never harm anything in his life." He looked at Polly incredulously.

"Get him away, get him away," she pleaded.

The man strode into the living-room and Polly followed him weakly.

The great loutish fellow sat in the big chair crumpled up, staring vacantly into the fire.

"I'm going down by your house, Billy," the warden said genially and laid a friendly hand upon his shoulder, "want to come along?"

Without a word Billy got to his feet and shambled out into the night.

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# Pretty Soft for Percy

(*Continued from page* 31)

though he was doing Percy a great favor. "But I couldn't promise to deliver any more at a future date. The stock is very active now and in a short time it will no doubt be off the market, except at a prohibitive price."

"Small favors thankfully received," quoted Percy good-naturedly. He took the money Remona had given him from his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Layman. "I'm glad to get this much anyway."

Mr. Layman took the money and counted it. Then he went to a safe and came back with the stock.

"You never made a better investment in your life, Mr. Jackson," he said.

"I don't believe I ever did," agreed Percy. "Thanks for letting me have the stock."

As Percy turned to leave, the old gentleman, who had watched the transaction with a satisfied grin, spoke to him.

"Just a moment," he said. "The lady who recommended this stock so highly didn't happen, by any chance, to be named Remona Bellingford, did she?"

"Why—yes," stammered Percy. "That's who it was."

"I thought so," the old man said, turning back his coat and displaying a United States marshal's badge. "I guess you better take a walk with me, Layman."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Layman, angrily.

"That you are under arrest," declared the old gentleman, coldly. "You and Miss Bellingford won't sell any more worthless stock for some time to come. Give that boy's money back to him and we'll go down to police headquarters."

"The money belongs to me," declared Layman. "He bought the stock with money of mine that was given to him for that purpose. He's nothing but a capper."

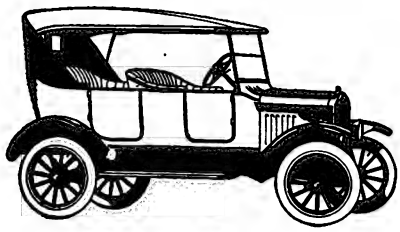
"I know just what he is and who he is," asserted the marshal, impatiently. "He's a bookkeeper from Huckboro, Illinois. He's an honest, straightforward boy, and I'm not going to have him lose any money. Will you give it to him or shall I take it away from you?"

Mr. Layman evidently did not care for any display of violence. He handed Percy the money.

"Now you go back to Huckboro and put that money in the bank where it will be safe," advised the marshal. "You probably imagined that you were in love with that young lady down at the Madison Hotel, but you'll get over that. She's down at the police station now, so you wouldn't get to see her again anyway."

Percy Jackson smiled contentedly as the train whirled him toward Huckboro that afternoon. On the seat beside him was an expensive fur overcoat and in his pocket there was more money than he had possessed for some time.

"They have to hand it to me when it comes to cornering crooks," he mused.

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# Artificial Light as a Policeman

(*Continued from page* 41)

"The widespread increase during the last few years in crimes of violence such as assaults, hold-ups, automobile thefts, has focussed the attention on methods by which the crime situation could be remedied," goes on the report. "It was with the thought of determining just what effect light had on the elimination of crime that the Cleveland survey was made of the crimes committed both in the city as a whole, and in the White Way district. More than 1,000 cases of hold-up, assault with intent to rob, burglary (buildings entered from the front), pocket-picking, etc., were included in the study of the Police Department records.

"It was found that 90 per cent of these crimes took place after dark. Furthermore, before the new lighting system was installed 17 out of every 100 of the crimes were committed in the small downtown area designated as the White Way district, which district embraced less than 1 per cent of the street mileage of the city. Street crimes committed after dark during the months of October, November and December after the new lighting was installed were compared with the corresponding months of the previous year so that the possible effect of the increased lighting as a deterrent to crime might be determined."

The report then goes on to stress the fact that since 1916 crime was increasing by leaps and bounds, and that in Cleveland, in the areas outside of the White Way district, street crimes committed after dark *increased* over 54 per cent, while crime in the White Way district *decreased* over 8 per cent.

"In other words," the report states unequivocally, "crimes in the business district of Cleveland after illumination were only 60 per cent of what might have been expected had no change been made in the lighting."

Other economic factors than crime affect a city's safety. Since the advent of the automobile street accidents have increased tremendously. The honored horse-drawn vehicle had some things to recommend it. To begin with, speed was necessarily slow. Next came the fact that a horse would not willingly collide with a human being if he could avoid it, and then the number of horse-drawn vehicles was but a fraction of the motor vehicles of today. In the United States in 1906 there were less than 400 fatal accidents due to motors. In 1924 the total had risen to over 17,000.

Some time ago the National Lamp Works attempted an analysis of the traffic problem to determine if possible what percentage of traffic accidents were due to defective illumination. Thirty-two cities were studied and the results are given below:

*Traffic Accident Statistics for Thirty-two Cities During a Period of One Year. Traffic Accidents Reported*

| | | | | | 3-5 p.m. | | 9-11 p.m | | 6-8 p.m. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Total | Night | Fatal | Night Fatal | Win-ter* | Sum-mer | Win-ter* | Sum-mer | Win-ter* | Sum-mer |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | 5231 | 1485 | 190 | 66 | 175 | 251 | 71 | 98 | 164 | 183 |
| Cleveland, Ohio | 3549 | 1059 | 174 | 56 | 120 | 120 | 89 | 73 | 154 | 121 |
| Boston, Mass. | 3380 | 1001 | 89 | 38 | 108 | 159 | 57 | 69 | 117 | 131 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | 2950 | 982 | 6 | 2 | 119 | 183 | 57 | 100 | 74 | 109 |
| San Francisco, Cal. | 3014 | 1092 | 76 | 32 | 127 | 106 | 58 | 73 | 110 | 84 |
| Jersey City, N. J. | 672 | 223 | 28 | 13 | 18 | 38 | 8 | 17 | 36 | 32 |
| Rochester, N. Y. | 2570 | 735 | 29 | 9 | 70 | 111 | 34 | 71 | 62 | 119 |
| Portland, Oregon | 1230 | 411 | 31 | 8 | 45 | 43 | 11 | 21 | 38 | 48 |
| Columbus, Ohio | 193 | 95 | 17 | 9 | 7 | 11 | 6 | 13 | 8 | 7 |
| Hartford, Conn. | 1389 | 300 | 19 | 6 | 38 | 72 | 12 | 17 | 37 | 57 |
| Grand Rapids, Mich. | 255 | 78 | 12 | 4 | 9 | 8 | 1 | 7 | 10 | 12 |
| Youngstown, Ohio | 702 | 258 | 33 | 15 | 33 | 31 | 12 | 17 | 28 | 25 |
| New Bedford, Mass. | 699 | 189 | 7 | 3 | 34 | 40 | 6 | 17 | 20 | 31 |
| Lynn, Mass. | 818 | 278 | 7 | 2 | 35 | 40 | 19 | 20 | 36 | 42 |
| Utica, N. Y. | 652 | 150 | 9 | 3 | 22 | 43 | 2 | 25 | 16 | 33 |
| Fort Wayne, Ind. | 1010 | 241 | 9 | 2 | 42 | 30 | 14 | 13 | 29 | 19 |
| Peoria, Ill. | 131 | 26 | 7 | 3 | 5 | 11 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| South Bend, Ind. | 143 | 46 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 5 |
| Portland, Me. | 620 | 177 | 1 | .. | 16 | 34 | 9 | 16 | 20 | 18 |
| Charleston, S. C. | 192 | 52 | 13 | 3 | 6 | 8 | .. | 7 | 8 | 3 |
| Rockford, Ill. | 181 | 45 | 11 | 3 | 5 | 15 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 9 |
| Saginaw, Mich. | 120 | 18 | 3 | .. | .. | 7 | 2 | 3 | 8 | 5 |
| Holyoke, Mass. | 287 | 79 | 5 | 2 | 15 | 13 | 5 | 2 | 5 | 15 |
| Gary, Ind. | 281 | 78 | 10 | 4 | 5 | 11 | 3 | 13 | 6 | 12 |
| Malden, Mass. | 187 | 56 | 3 | .. | 3 | 9 | .. | 5 | 3 | 13 |
| McKeesport, Pa. | 74 | 30 | 2 | .. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 6 |
| Newcastle, Pa. | 74 | 31 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | .. | 5 | 2 | 12 |
| Mt. Vernon, N. Y. | 264 | 78 | 2 | 1 | 11 | 12 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 12 |
| Evanston, Ill. | 287 | 81 | 9 | 4 | 7 | 17 | 2 | 7 | 6 | 11 |
| Austin, Texas | 169 | 75 | 2 | 2 | 9 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 16 | 9 |
| Muskogee, Okla. | 42 | 20 | 2 | .. | .. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 9 |
| East Cleveland, Ohio | 109 | 35 | 6 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 6 | 7 |
| Total | 31,475 | 9,534 | 821 | 298 | 1,095 | 1,429 | 495 | 740 | 1,046 | 1,200 |

*Winter refers to November, December and January. Summer refers to May, June, July.

Study of the table indicates a probability that winter accidents in dark hours (6-8 P. M.) would average 71 per cent or 862. As a matter of fact the survey shows a much greater percentage, actually 1,046. The conclusion drawn is that the high rate of increase in these dark hours was due to faulty illumination. The further conclusion is that these accidents would have been avoided if the streets had been properly lighted, and that just 1,678 accidents would not have occurred. The figures show that 17.6 per cent of all traffic accidents result from inadequate illumination. Applied to the list of fatalities this percentage shows what an important saving in human life might have been effected.

Economically considered the subject is important also.

(*Continued on page* 70)


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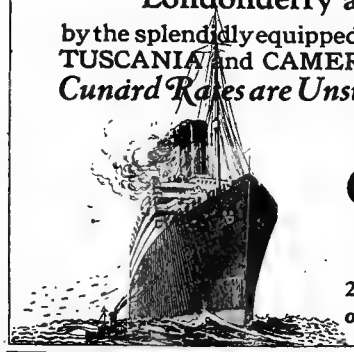

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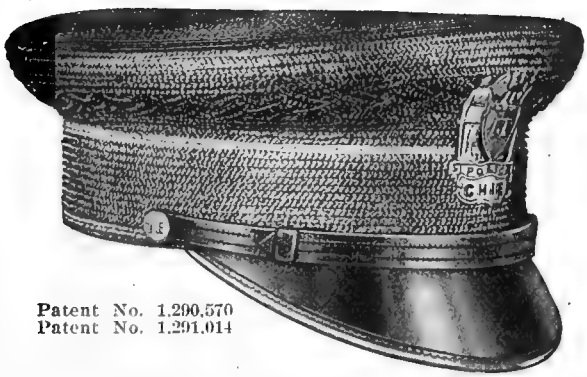

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**For Mounted and Traffic Men, 2 yellow stripes.**
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*INDIVIDUAL AND BUSINESS ACCOUNTS INVITED*


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(*Continued from Page 68*)

Our American minds respond quickly to the dollar estimate, therefore it is interesting to note that F. S. Crum, statistician of the Prudential Life Ins. Co., calculates the economic loss of the 10,640 traffic deaths in 1920 was $1,000,000,000, the saveable percentage thus would have been $54,000,000, had the places where the accidents occurred been properly lighted.

The National Lamp report above referred to states that as the streets of all cities covered in the survey were illuminated to some extent, the estimate is conservative, and in an individual city where the need for higher illuminating is obvious these preventable night traffic accidents may run to 50 per cent. The direct effect of insufficient illumination is visible in the case of an Ohio city where a victim of an accident sued for and won heavy damages when he proved that the size of the street lamp at the spot where the accident occurred had just previously been reduced from 300 to 100 watts. The claim that this was insufficent light was maintained.

In San Francisco a coroner's jury, called to consider the case of a woman killed by a cab at a dark suburban corner, exonerated the cab driver and directly charged the Lighting Committee of the Board of Supervisors with legal responsibility for the death, basing the charge upon the circumstance that the corner in question was well-known as a poorly lighted spot, and that other juries had recommended increased illumination there.

Of course the facts are that the traffic problem is sixteen times more serious than it was ten years ago, and that it is increasing at a rapid rate each year with the added number of motor registrations. Today there is one car for each seven of the population, and as a result the fatalities have risen in direct ratio. Some idea of the problem may be gained from the adjoined table.

*Automobile Fatalities.*

| Year. | Deaths per car. | Total Deaths. | Total cars. | Cars per 1000 of pop. | Deaths per 1000 of pop. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1917..... | .0019 | 9,184 | 5,104,321 | 48 | .0887 |
| 1918..... | .0016 | 9,672 | 6,146,617 | 59 | .0919 |
| 1919..... | .0013 | 9,827 | 7,530,105 | 71 | .0936 |
| 1920..... | .00123 | 11,358 | 9,177,129 | 87 | .1040 |
| 1921..... | .00119 | 12,500 | 10,464,005 | 99 | .1100 |
| 1922..... | .00114 | 14,000 | 12,239,114 | 115 | .1334 |
| 1923..... | .00106 | 16,000 | 15,092,177 | 136 | .1454 |

The public safety is police business, and when the toll of accidental deaths due to traffic problems of one kind or another reaches the alarming total shown in the above figures, it is no wonder that police officials are concerned. Naturally the congested areas of the great cities present the most difficult task for police solution of traffic. So far there has been evolved no solution, but partial regulation has been achieved.

Many of the large cities have introduced signal systems, and these have an effect in the way of regulation, but they do not handle the problem. Here we are confronted with a tremendously growing percentage of persons who ride in privately owned vehicles, and apparently the saturation point is not in sight. With almost one motor vehicle to every family in the country the police responsibility is increasingly important. Light

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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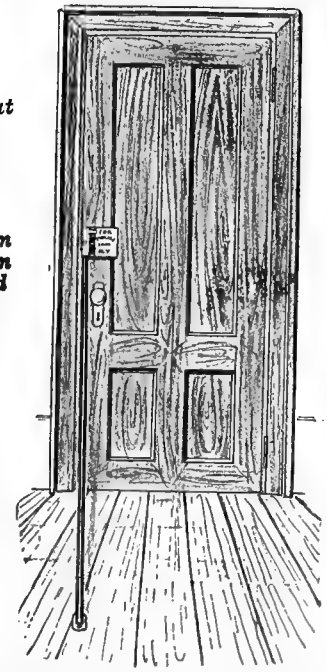

*Illustration shows door secured by the FOX POLICE LOCK and DOOR SECURER. The steel bar, stepped in the socket in the floor, also in the device of the lock, forms a powerful brace and is easily adjusted.*

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(*Continued from page* 70)

is but a partial solution, but it is a solution. That has been proved. With more light fewer night accidents occur, and so the responsibility for the reduction of night traffic accidents goes back to the municipal governments.

The economic side of the situation is important, too, and for that reason some figures on the cost of adequate street lighting are appended.

Fifteen years or so ago 5.4 per cent of the municipal taxes was expended for street lighting in cities of 30,000 or larger in the United States. In extraordinary retrogression this amount had fallen four years later to 3.8 per cent. In some measure this may explain crime figures that have been laid on the police doorstep.

Surveys that considered the lighting situation from the per capita standpoint have shown that the average city expenditure for street illumination is $.70 annually, while in the best illuminated cities (50) the average was $2.04 per capita.

Good practice, however, bases illumination expenditures on miles of paved streets. The best average desirable figures for good city lighting show the annual cost per running foot of paved street to be:

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| Outlying dist. and alleys | .05- .20 |

These figures are presented because of the balance that experience shows may be struck between street lighting and police effectiveness. As noted previously the degree of crime is in direct proportion to the illumination. That presumes a given standard of police efficiency.

The question may well arise, and doubtless has many times arisen, where the taxpayers are not willing to grant additional policemen, but are willing to increase the lighting expenditure. The police authorities should have a voice in such municipal problems since the matter of the public safety lies heavily upon them.

In some of the more advanced municipalities these facts are being forced upon public attention, and in two or three the degree of street illumination is a direct advisory function of the police chief or director.


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***LOW FARES***


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# The Humane Third Degree

(*Continued from page* 16)

Two other newspaper reporters were also there. I imagined myself fighting inwardly against telling the truth even about the most trivial thing. I would set up all the resistance I could command. I wanted to know if such an attitude could frustrate the process of eliminating deception from the intellect of man. What I discovered many hours later was that things of seeming insignificance had been divulged truthfully and with but scanty discrepancy of fact. The imagination with which I had armed myself in this challenge went down to defeat. Imagination, that faculty which makes falsehood and deception possible, was as a twig in a hurricane."

And in less detail but tending to demonstrate the same point, J. F. Church, of the St. Louis *Times*, described his experiences and feelings under the early and later influence of Scopolamin in the issue of June 14, 1924, under the caption: "Reporter Loses Power to Reason When Under Truth Serum Influence."

It might be mentioned in passing that althcugh the subject can move at any time while the drug is in possession of his senses, he cannot remember his experiences or sensations during that period when he was in the "examination stage." A study of the statements of four reporters and a half-dozen prisoners who have taken the drug convinces one of this fact.

In interjecting these thoughts, however, I have run ahead of my story. After the Burns test Dr. House conducted about ten other experiments for doctors, lawyers and laymen, all of which were private. Then Sheriff Hartson, of Dallas, tried him out on a Slovak-Jew who had clung to a strong alibi and was willing to take the drug in the belief that he could stick to his story under the influence and thus insure his freedom. Unfortunately for him, he not only related in detail his part in the robbery of which he had pled not guilty but told the names of his associates and the facts regarding the participation of each of them. All were convicted later as a result of this testimony.

Following this, he worked on one Albert Head. This is a long story, but we will skim over the details and merely say that Head was "framed" by his erstwhile pals and charged with the theft of an automobile. By turning State's evidence, the accomplices had been released and the crime pinned on Head. After having been sentenced, the prisoner willingly took the drug and related facts which subsequently proved (upon careful investigation by the officials) that he himself was guilty only to the extent of having secreted the car after the theft while the three State's witnesses, one of them a Dallas official, had actually committed the crime. The wealth of information obtained from the man in addition to these facts have no particular bearing on this story. As for Head himself and the value of the drug, here is a letter dated April 19, 1923:

"In re: the State of Texas vs. Albert Head, charged with automobile theft, I desire to state his acquittal by the trial jury was predicated to the facts obtained by Dr. House while Head was under the influence of a drug. (Signed) Shelby S. Cox, Criminal District Attorney, Dallas County."

In rapid succession we find ourselves recalling the cases of Sergeant Eugene O'Leary, the shell-shocked war veteran, John Johnson, and John Farrar, all in the


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San Quentin penitentiary; Harry Wilkins, in Berkeley, Cal.; six men in Los Angeles; "Ace" Gibson, Joe Shirley, Ernest Carter and Walter Smith, of Dallas. The first man, demented from his wounds, revealed for the first time his actual identity which he himself had forgotten and opened the way for the use of Dr. House's method in the diagnosis and treatment of the insane—a system now being successfully followed by Dr. P. R. Vessie, Superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane at Gowanda, N. Y.

The second, a colored man, implicated several confederates in the crime for which he was arrested and of which he was guilty. Farrar's examination started an inquiry to prove his innocence, and in the cases of the last four named, each was found to be innocent of the crime for which he was serving time and was accordingly released at the instance of the *prosecuting attorney*.

But to cite details of these or subsequent cases is merely to repeat with monotonous regularity what has already been said here. In every case tried so far the result has been the same. The solitary exception was in St. Louis a few months ago when the physicians and other observers persisted in asking questions of their own while the doctor was working, thus confusing and disconcerting the subjects with the clamor and the rapid-fire conversation which resulted.

Given a fair test, Scopolamin Anesthesia has confirmed every claim put forward for it by Dr. House. Used by men who did not understand the technique and who, apparently made no extraordinary effort to inform themselves, the results have been as unsatisfactory as they proved to be in Brooklyn when a few novices tried it not many weeks ago. In arriving at that conclusion I have not been influenced entirely by the individual experiments which I have purposely followed up. In an effort to verify these apparent successes, as well as to gather a more diversified opinion of the man responsible for them from reliable sources, I have procured a wad of statements and facts which leave little to the imagination. I might even add that I braved a most imposing convention of the Eastern Society of Anesthetists in October to further substantiate my convictions.

One fact is certain. Before the average medical man buries his head in the sand at the approach of a new idea, he always takes time to shout one accusation: "Publicity monger." Yet I find that Dr. House has gone about his work quietly and calmly, following the accepted lines of medical practice by presenting his discoveries *first* to his medical colleagues, his professional

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organizations. He has spoken before many medical gatherings in the past few years, always on this topic. The Ellis County Medical Society (his own local group) has endorsed his experimental work as has the Texas State Medical Association and some of the informed medical periodicals. The Medical Association of the Southwest (in November, 1922) elected him Vice-President and passed a resolution asking the Government to permit Dr. House to experiment in the Federal penitentiary. In non-medical fields, the Texas Sheriffs Association and the International Bureau for Personal Identification have made him an honorary member on the strength of their investigation and observation of his tests.

I have before me a letter from Secretary William C. Tenery, of the Ellis County Medical Society, Waxahachie, Texas, which says:

"This is to certify that at a regular meeting of the Ellis County Medical Society, held in Ennis, Tex., on September 12, 1922, the Society voted a hearty endorsement of the experimental work done by Dr. E. House, of Ferris, with apormorphia and Scopolamin in criminology.

"We believe that Dr. House's efforts along this line are worthy of consideration, and as a County Society we will appreciate any help that Dr. House may be given to further his cause."

And another letter, from Secretary Holman Taylor, of the State Medical Association of Texas (who is also editor of the Texas State Journal of Medicine) states:

" . . . What I am really writing to say is that Dr. House is an honorable and ethical practitioner of this State. He is not a sensation monger."

I go into this detail about the individual tests and cite these credentials and opinions at such length for two reasons: I want to demonstrate that Scopolamin, used as a "truth serum," has a definite place in criminology, and, secondly, I want to show that the man who is proving his discovery a practical one is a reputable, respectable and respected scientist, not a faddist or a crank or a self-seeking individual.

In doing so, I hold no brief for Dr. House. I met the man once at a convention and haven't seen him since —nor had I ever seen him before. His one desire is the opportunity to work peacefully and steadily on Scopolamin in criminology until it is conclusively demonstrated beyond question that there is a real place for it in our criminal procedure.

Of that there seems to be little doubt. The lie is the lawbreaker's best defensive weapon. He talks and the State must spend thousands of dollars to find out


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whether or not he is telling the truth. Observation shows that in some 57 percent of the cases tried, the criminal's defense is based on falsehood. And further observation shows that the State convicts only one man in ten although six of them are guilty!

House calls his method "the humane third degree." The choice is between this one and the inhuman, often brutal "Third Degree" now so prevalent. If there is any doubt in your mind as to the desirability of Scopolamin over knuckles and force, then read the opinion handed down just a few weeks ago by Justice Brandeis in the case of the suspected Chinaman who was tortured for days (while in acute need of medical attention) by the Washington police.

But this is only half of the story. Five percent of our current prison population (or about 5,000 men and women) are in jail for crimes they did not commit. Some of them are there because of archaic methods which provoke "confessions" for fear of or under the pressure of physical suffering. Most of them are where they are because of some other man's lie. The rest—well, charge it off to circumstantial evidence, bad reputation, lack of wealth and ignorance. Explain it any way you want—but don't forget they are still in prison!

The course seems plain. Let the highest medical and legal authorities in the land institute an impartial but searching investigation of the House technique in Scopolamin Anesthesia. If their findings corroborate the convictions of those medical and legal observers who have already looked into the question, then let us provide a means for spreading the necessary knowledge among criminologists and doctors. Following that, let us have Federal or State authority to make use of Scopolamin in criminal trials only when the defendant willingly agrees to submit to the test under the auspices of the judge, the State's attorney and the attorney for the defense. Finally, let us have permission to make "truth tests" on convicted men, serving prison sentences, whenever they shall formally apply for it.

Given competent men to do the medical phase of the work and universal publicity to educate the people as to the power and merits of Scopolamin, you will find very few *guilty* men submitting themselves to the drug that unlocks the brain!

If, as a result, we convict only *two* guilty men out of ten, we will have doubled the government's present record. But, what is more important, if we keep one innocent man from prison where two went before, Scopolamin will have proven itself a Godsend!

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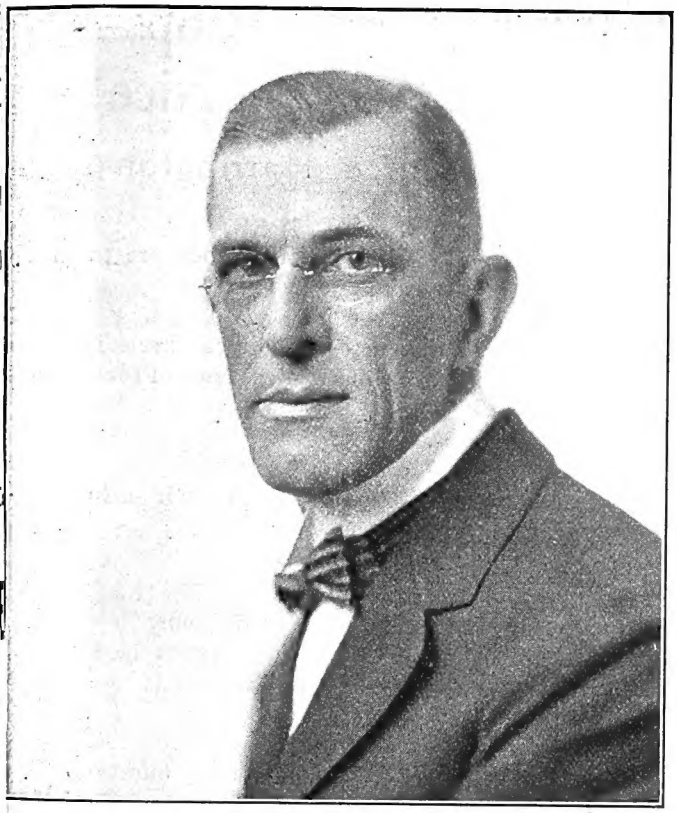

*Mr. Haskell Coffin, the noted artist, who painted the cover for this issue of* POLICE MAGAZINE

## Our Cover Artist This Month

HASKELL COFFIN has established himself, through the individuality of his work, in the front rank of American portrait painters. In the comparatively limited circle of art connoisseurs Mr. Coffin is known as a masterful delineator of social types. To the big public he is famous as one of the best of American girl portrayers. This phase of his work has made his name a household word. His types of feminine beauty, have steadily appeared in reproduction on the covers of our best periodicals. His girls are always fresh, alert, colorful, healthy. They are real, they are appealing, they are the kind that one longs to see in the flesh, to converse with.

While in no sense photographic in their realism, the Haskell Coffin girls in paint and pastel are as material in their beauty, as robustly vivid as their living prototypes. It is this quality of genuineness that makes the human pictures of Mr. Coffin's artistry so widely sought and so satisfying. There are a thousand artists in the country who make a specialty of "pretty girl heads", but there is only one Haskell Coffin. He holds his place by sheer force of his splendid drawing and luscious coloring.

In the girl on our cover this month Mr. Coffin is at his best. Was there ever a more vivid personality than this winsome young woman? One feels her presence, her actuality and is delighted as with a glimpse of a rarely beautiful creature met in a drawing-room. She has ancestry, poise, intelligence and is, above all else, purely feminine. By such achievements as this one which adorns our cover, has Mr. Coffin placed himself at the top in the art of America. Many times has he employed his brush in delineating his charming wife, famous on the stage as Frances Starr, the leading lady of numerous Belasco successes. She has been both his inspiration and his model.


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*Quick changes in temperature suggest the wisdom of keeping the refrigerator at an even temperature. The cost of Knickerbocker Ice—a fraction of a cent a pound in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx—suggests the economy of it.*

**Knickerbocker ICE Company**



*The invention of a former Member of the New York Police Force*

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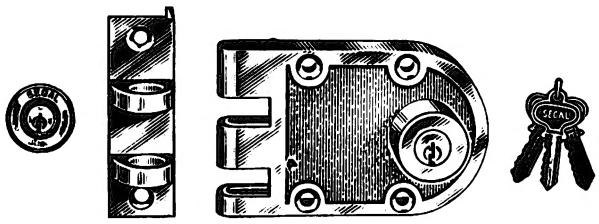

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*Originators and Manufacturers of Jimmyproof Locks, Latches and Bolts*


# I Like Traffic Cops—They Are So Nice!

*By* Mildred Harrington

I LIKE traffic cops.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest men in the U. S.

They are always on the job.

They let stock brokers cool their fat heels in limousines while they steer old ladies from Peoria across Times Square.

I like traffic cops.

They are so good-looking.

Especially on rainy nights when their helmets are sleek and shining with the wet.

Floor walkers are nice.

But they are not so nice as traffic cops.

They bow from the waist like French barbers, but they stick their tongues in their cheeks if your gloves are shabby.

I like traffic cops.

They smile when you ask dam-fool questions like: Where is the Woolworth building?

But they never ogle your ankles when the wind blows up your skirt on Fifth Avenue.

Subway guards are nice.

But they are not so nice as traffic cops.

They mean well, but they are always in a hurry.

Sometimes they leave a slice of your nose in the door. And they wear mourning bands under their finger nails.

I like traffic cops.

Their backs are so straight.

And they never have bay windows where their tummies ought to be.

College profs are nice.

But they are not so nice as traffic cops.

They affect bald spots and tortoise shell rims. And they try too hard not to feel superior.

I like traffic cops.

They don't wear fawn-colored spats.

They look as if they had one wife and several nice kiddies at home.

Editors are nice.

But they are not so nice as traffic cops.

It is all for your own good when they send you a *billet doux* instead of a check.

God knows they do the best they can, but they hurt your feelings just the same.

I like traffic cops.

They are so cute.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest men in the U. S.

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